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OUTLINE OF HISTORY

PART I

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POCKET LIBRARY OF THE
WORLD'S ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE

VOLUME I

OUTLINE OF HISTORY

PART I

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OUTLINE OF HISTORY

PART I

I

THE DAWN OF HISTORY

Lord Balfour has said that the story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, of parties and statesmen. He continues: "The imagination is moved by the slow unrolling of this great picture of human mutability, as it is moved by the contrasting permanence of the abiding stars. The ceaseless conflict, the strange echoes of long-forgotten controversies, the confusion of purpose, the successes in which lay deep the seeds of future evils, the failures that ultimately divert the otherwise inevitable danger, the heroism which struggles to the last for a cause foredoomed to defeat, the wickedness which sides with right, and the wisdom which huzzas at the triumph of folly—fate, meanwhile, amidst this turmoil and perplexity, working silently towards the predestined end—all these form together a subject

the contemplation of which need surely never weary."

And when we move from the relatively narrow stream of a single nation's history, to contemplate the broad landscape over which peoples and nations have moved, our interest is raised to the point of fascination as we watch the splendid spectacle of human forces, with all their interplay and complexity, moving across the face of this "unintelligible world." It is the story of man's effort to hold dominion over the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, and every living thing upon the earth, including himself and his fellow man. We see the rise and fall of peoples and nations, the gradual emergence of the weak into the strong, the barbarian into the civilized.

Drawing a moral from the scene, we note the solidarity of the human family; the fact that, beneath all such superficial differences as those of color, of stage of cultural development, of speech, of customs, and of race, we are all foundationally alike. We are impressed with the fact that individuals, nations, and races all fall short of the glory of the ideal; that always and everywhere aspirations soar to the empyrean, while achievements walk in the common dust. Compassed about with a great cloud of problems beyond their capacities to dissolve, these peoples sigh for the wisdom and strength of former days when there were giants in the land. We see them looking over their shoulders to the

fading light of the Golden Age, enjoying the subtle pleasures of an unrelieved pessismism; or we feel the warm enthusiasm of the optimist as he describes the streets and furniture of the New Jerusalem lying "o'er the hill beyond." So we find that the hopes and fears of all the yesterdays are of the same stuff as ours are made of; that the peoples living in ancient days in their lowly homes on the Nile, the Tiber, the Indus or the Yangtze, were touched by the same infirmities and were moved by the same enthusiasms as are the peoples of our own day who live on the Hudson, the Thames, the Seine or the Rhine.

By cultivating a "historic sympathy" it is easily possible for any man or woman, even one who is commonly bored by the facts of history, to enjoy and richly profit from the romantic story of the rise and development of World Civilization. The study should leave the reader with a richer spiritual endowment, a deeper sense of human solidarity, a broader view, a profounder respect for the matchless resources of the human mind, and possibly with a firmer determination to "carry on" within the sphere in which he finds himself.

Man has traveled a long road, rough and steep, along which enemies beset him, without and within. His difficulties and obstacles might long since have completely obliterated a less indomitable, adaptive, and persevering spirit. It is im-

possible for us to do anything more than sketch in broad outline the few thousand years of this story. It may be that the most heroic portion of it is lost forever as far as definite record is concerned, to be but partially restored by the exercise of our constructive imaginations upon what we know of early man. What we call civilization is an achievement of yesterday. The broad and solid foundations of it were laid by the labors and sacrifices of millions of forgotten worthies, who, unconscious of the larger issues of their lives, pursued the even tenor of their ways, wholly concerned with the task of matching their labors and their wits against a recalcitrant nature.

The scene of our story is laid in a world so small in contrast with the vast expanse of space as to make it appear almost ridiculously insignificant, were it not for the important fact that, as far as our knowledge serves us at the present time, this little world of ours is the only one where life has come to self-consciousness.

The question naturally arises in the minds of all thinking persons, How did this world come into existence? Each age answers the question by the light of its own knowledge, or accepts the answer given in its religious literature. Science and religion are at one in this, that neither the world nor anything within it emerges by its own begetting.

Let us look at some recent scientific theories

as to the genesis of the world, and of life within it.

One of the most famous and inspiring of all theories concerning the origin of our solar system, and so of the world in which we live, was put forth by Laplace (1796) with customary scientific caution. It has since become known as The Nebular Hypothesis. According to this theory our solar system was at one time a glowing, seething, gigantic mass of gaseous matter, revolving with a slow uniformity about its center. Out of this mass of slowly cooling matter there were thrown off whirling rings, one after the other, each becoming in due course a planet, and one of the least of these became our earth. The central mass still persists as the sun of our world.

In the light of recent astronomical observations, and of astrophysical discoveries, this theory no longer commends itself to many scientists, for it sets afoot more difficulties than can be overtaken—starts more problems than can be solved.

Men have long observed that meteorites, which are made of iron or of stone, passing from outer space through the atmosphere surrounding our earth, finally come to rest on the earth itself. Astronomers calculate that between ten and a hundred million of these meteorites, in their wild rush through space, are annually burned up to the thinnest of gases by the terrific friction due

to their passage through the earth's atmosphere. Not all, however; some do manage to stand up under the strain and finally arrive more or less intact at the earth's surface. This kind of thing has been going on for millions of years, with the probability that, eons ago, there were billions more of these meteorites than to-day. Did these scattered fragments from other disrupted systems form the original basis of our world? The great difficulty in believing so comes from the fact that the earth would have required some original planetary nucleus, some dynamic and assimilative center, some cohesive heart which could appropriate to itself these discarded remnants of other systems. How can we account for this cohesive heart?

Of the numerous other theories current, the one that is perhaps most in favor at the present time is called the planetesimal theory. Space does not admit of an extended discussion of it here. Substantially the theory is somewhat as follows: During long eons of time a process of condensation in a great nebular mass went on, and as a consequence of the condensation the sun was formed. Stars venturing too close to other stars suffered disruption. In the course of their disruption, vast rays shot out from them, which ultimately went off on their own account, or were unceremoniously thrown out. These rays formed clots or spiral nebulæ. Not satisfied to stay on their own, these whirling nebulæ attracted to

themselves any stray masses they could gather in—and all together set about the long and difficult task of becoming planets. One of these clots of incandescent matter became the "earth knot" of our world, possibly a hundred million years ago. At that time its diameter was probably shorter than it is now, but, being young and ambitious, it drew to itself innumerable planetesimals, expanding greatly in the process, until its cooling apparatus contracted it again to its present diameter of seven thousand nine hundred and eighteen miles.

While the outer crust of the earth was cooling, the boiling mass in the interior threw up various kinds of matter which gradually settled according to their weight; the lighter materials naturally stayed on top, while the heavier went below. In due time—which means millions of years—the oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers appeared, with consequent changes in the atmosphere, all such conditions being the stage-setting for the appearance of the life principle.

In what manner did this marvelous thing we call Life make its appearance? Life, concerning which nature seems so prodigal, so careless, and so cynically indifferent! Fragile, yet strong enough to uproot mountains, to beat back destruction, to harness powers to its own service, and to persist through its unmatched tenacity; adaptive, pervasive, earth's greatest wonder, the miracle of miracles, the mystery of mysteries!

Life must have had a beginning, for, as we have seen, there were eons upon eons during which the earth was no fit theater for its presence. How, then, did it come, and what was the manner of its entry?

Entirely outside the realm of scientific hypotheses, but profoundly influencing the thought and life of millions, are the answers given to this question by the great literatures of various religions, most notably those sonorous verses in the first and second chapters of the Hebrew Bible. Here, however, we stand in the presence of religious faith, and the answer given is wholly outside the realm of scientific test and proof; necessarily so.

A number of scientists, such as Lord Kelvin, Professor Helmholtz, and others, hold it possible that life may have arrived on this earth in meteoritic dust particles, which, as we have already hinted, may be the wreckage of other worlds in this incomprehensible universe of ours. Because of the amazing tenacity of life, it might well have passed through the vicissitudes of its long trek through space; and it is so adaptive that it could accommodate itself to relatively new conditions on this earth. When we cut the Gordian knot of all the difficulties this hypothesis presents, we find another which resists a cut. We accept the hypothesis only to find that the problem of the origin of life itself, quite

apart from the manner of its entry upon this planet, still remains to baffle us.

Other hypotheses would make the scene of the origin of organic life, the earth itself. We have no satisfactory evidence that organic life exists in any other part of the universe or of the multiverse. Scientists of a certain group hazard the guess that the simplest form of living creatures might well have come from some combination of non-living matter activated by some sort of chemical ferment. Chemists are able to make a number of the compounds of carbon of which living matter consists. But who or what originally took the place of the chemist? We have no evidence at hand to-day of spontaneous generation—at least none of general scientific validity. In the infancy of our earth, however, conditions not now present may have provided an environment suitable for the origination of this earth-life. Yes; there may have been such conditions, but until they are scientifically proved to have been existent, it may be wiser for us to recognize the fact that we are still in the presence of an age-old mystery. We must be careful, however, to acknowledge that it would be presumptious on our part to say that the answer to the riddle must forever remain unknown; for, in the words of the great Galileo, "Who is willing to set limits to the human intellect?"

Geologists have generally agreed upon four great divisions of time in the history of the

earth. In the formative or Archeozoic Age, the solar system was established, the earth took form, and through its various stages of development continents and ocean basins were made. No form of life, either vegetable or animal, made its appearance until the close of this period, when there emerged the simplest of backboneless life. In the Paleozoic Age, with its six or more subdivisions, the seas were stirred with life, and the first fishes arrived. Land animals now make their appearance, and by its close we have insects and reptiles with giant ferns growing in favored areas. In the Mesozoic Period we have the rise of dinosaurs, flying reptiles, flowering plants—some of them resembling many that we have at present; higher species of insects, and the lower forms of mammals. In the Cenozoic Period we have the rise of the higher mammals, while in the latter part of this period man at last emerges, to begin his adventure—some time before the last great Ice Age.

How man, the reasoning, self-conscious being, was created, is still a subject of controversy, one side holding that it was done by a single divine act, the other that it was a slow process of evolution extending through hundreds of thousands of years. The leading scientists of our day hold to the theory of Charles Darwin's *Descent of Man,* that man was created by gradual evolution from lower animal forms. In any event we know that we begin finding traces of his intelli-

gent handiwork toward the end of the Glacial Epoch.

During the long Ice Age the geographical features of Europe and the Mediterranean were entirely unlike what they are now. Great Britain and Ireland formed a solid part of the Continent, with no seas to develop insularity. Scotland as well as Denmark and Sweden were being preserved by refrigeration, for they were securely buried under a vast sheet of solid ice. Sicily and Italy were one; and Africa, Asia and Europe were joined together, so that the animals and early man could pass to and fro without the hazards of a water voyage.

It is impossible to trace in detail the several stages in the cultural development of prehistoric man, even if the means for doing so were at our disposal. But anthropologists, following the geological divisions, have designated these stages of human progress in terms of the implements used, so we have the Old Stone Age, the Bronze Age, etc. It is natural to suppose that the first implements used as utilities about the house, or as instruments of warfare, were made out of materials easily converted to that end, such as wooden vessels, clubs, and spear-like staffs sharpened by rubbing to a keen edge. The ravages of time, however, have long since disposed of such implements, unless we should happen upon some hermetically sealed cache, which is hardly likely.

There is no general agreement among scien-

tists concerning the first preserved implements known as eoliths, or stones of the dawn period of man's history. These stones may have received their convenient forms entirely apart from human agency and solely by the action of nature. But, as Professor Lull points out, we may be morally certain that an age which used some such rude instruments was the Dawn Age of Man.

In the Paleolithic or Old Stone Age there is no such uncertainty. Here we find man clearly demonstrating the gulf-like difference between himself and all other forms of animal life by using his superior brain power in discovery and inventiveness; by fashioning rough instruments in stone; by killing animals greatly superior to himself in brute strength, eating their flesh, roasting it in fires which he could light at will, and then sharpening their bones for tools. His adaptability is seen in the fact that he is able to accommodate himself to the rigors of the Glacial Age, accustomed tho he had been to the genial conditions of a more or less tropical climate. This man of the Old Stone Age had a wonderful instinct for drawing. Using bones, horns, etc., he drew with few lines the figures of men and animals, evidently finding as much pleasure in the exercise as a talented child does to-day.

From the Paleolithic we pass to the Neolithic or Smooth Stone Age. Here we are in a period

much nearer to our own times than to the Cave Period—probably just a matter of ten thousand or so years ago. At this time the continent of Europe had the shape it has at the present time, as also had Italy, Spain, and Africa. Various Paleolithic animals, such as the woolly rhinoceros, the mammoth, the saber-toothed tiger, the cave bear, had either long since become extinct or had migrated to more favored climes. The flora of the earlier and colder times had given place to newer forms better adapted to the new climatic conditions.

In this Neolithic Period we have a physical environment congenial to progress; hence we are not surprized to discover the practise of such fundamental arts as pottery making, spinning, weaving, the making of household furniture and cooking utensils; all the operations pertaining to agriculture, to seed selection, to the cultivation of such crops as flax, barley, corn. The domestic animals we are acquainted with were already round about man's dwelling places or grazed in his fields. We are indebted more to the people of this age, whose blood still flows in our veins if but thinly, for laying soundly the foundation stones of our civilization than to the peoples of the earlier ages. They seem to have led a busy and active life, concerning themselves more with their crops, their flocks and herds, their homes and families, than with other matters. Dwelling in communities, they had to

work out some form of local government and must have cooperated in the building of such village homes as the Lake Dwellings, in the erection of the Dolmens, and of other stone monuments. In their rudely carved Menhirs, however, we see no such artistic ability as characterized the men of the Old Stone Age.

This Neolithic or Smooth Stone Age was relatively of short duration, tho its culture-spread was wide enough to include Europe, parts of Asia, North Africa, and Egypt. We are not certain, however, that we are dealing in all cases with the same race, for this would indicate a racial unity which scientists are not yet prepared to accept.

From the Neolithic we pass to the Age of Metals, of gold and copper, for probably these were the first metals which man learned to use. By this time man was far enough advanced to utilize past experience, to experiment with his materials, so that by combining copper and tin he created a new metal—bronze.

It may be well at this point to warn the reader that these divisions in the progress of human culture are not to be understood as being strictly chronological. They are convenient terms marking out stages in cultural development, through which most races at some time or other have passed. Neither must it be understood that when one stage is at an end the next immediately begins. We are quite sure, however, that some

progressive peoples saw in their day the various stages overlapping each other, where the general use of the various implements peculiar to each stage, according to our divisions, went on contemporaneously, even as we of to-day see still in use in a single nation many implements that are characteristic of earlier stages.

The Bronze Age in Europe is fixed by competent authorities somewhere between 2000 and 3000 B.C. It may have been earlier in some places, as it was later in others. We may note that in comparatively recent times the Peruvians and the Mexicans were still in the Bronze Age. And altho the North American Indian used copper, he seems never to have learned how to fuse metals.

We are fortunate in having an abundance of the implements, weapons, and utensils from the Bronze Age in Europe, such as swords, awls, knives, gouges, hammers, daggers, arrow-heads, hoes, war-axes, hatchets, etc. They were also users if not the inventors of that wonderful little utility upon which so much responsibility is oftentimes laid—the safety pin—adding to its utility value by gradually developing the brooch. There was also a general use of glass beads for decoration, tho the people of that age do not appear to have used glass vessels of any kind. In all their decoration work there is seen a wonderful skill, and a sincere appreciation of the beautiful.

Unlike the men of the Stone Age, who buried their dead, the men of the Bronze Age practised cremation, having what we call family plots or burrows. Excavations in Denmark have disclosed as many as seventy deposits of cremated bodies in a single mound; thus showing that the same mound must have been opened and reopened in successive years.

All these facts indicate a high degree of mental and spiritual development, and an inventive ability far beyond anything shown in the previous culture periods. Perhaps this Bronze-Age culture of Europe had its origin in the East, for distinctively Oriental designs and patterns seem to have been favored for their arms. But whether that be so or not, this age of the use of metals clearly reveals the great studies these men made in the forward movement of human progress.

In the last great prehistoric period—the Age of Iron—we enter the daybreak of history. Man has at last discovered in iron one of the indispensable necessities of life, almost as much so as the air we breathe and the food we eat. No other metal is as valuable as this, as abundant, as cheap, as protean in its uses. For many so-called indispensables we could find substitutes, but not for iron. Its intrinsic qualities are so amazingly adaptable that our modern civilization might well be characterized as one which has adapted itself to the many-sided genius of Iron.

Evidence of the first discovery and use of iron seems to have been found in North Africa. And the time appears to be the period following upon the Stone Age, for the people of that region seem not to have passed through any Bronze Age. This metal has been found in the Great Pyramids of Egypt; in that land it was often used for ornaments. The Greeks valued it so highly that they presented lumps of it as the chief prizes in athletic contests. Homer tells us that Greece entered her Iron Age about 1200 B.C. So that more than a thousand years before Cæsar entered upon his conquering expeditions in the northern countries iron was treasured and used as one of the choice gifts of the gods. The early ancients used it for almost all kinds of decorations, for personal adornment, for several uses in the arts of peace, household and agricultural, for warfare in helmets and horse-trappings, possibly as iron crosses for valor.

During these long culture periods men have been drawing closer to each other, living together, working together, fighting together, thus making necessary the development of rude forms of social order and government. It is the way of life that, by reason of some economic superiority, or by wisdom in council, or by prowess in warfare, men emerge as leaders and rulers. The older men—the heads of families—become the Village Council, maintaining order, formulating rules of conduct, rigorously enforcing punish-

ments upon the violators of customs and of laws. Their savage methods of punishment appear to our humanitarian eyes severe beyond deserts, but possibly they were necessary in such low orders of society; we ourselves used some fairly rough methods of dealing with criminals in the pioneer West and during the gold stampede to the Yukon.

What was the character of the thought-life of these prehistoric men? Let us not fall into the too common error of judging their barbaric rites, their strange and apparently cruel rituals, their childish beliefs, and their crude practises, by the standards of our own time. Looking on all these things in their proper relations, we are forced to the conclusion that prehistoric man, especially in the later periods, did not fundamentally differ in his thought-life from ourselves; that his desires and emotions were all stamped with the impress that is still upon our own; and that, beneath all the differences of form and practise, we are forced to claim his kinship. Men have sometimes gone to the extreme of denying that these men had personality, have talked and written of them as children and as idiots; to such ends will men go in order to bolster up a theory, or unconsciously to reveal their profound ignorance.

The fact is that these prehistoric men were reasonable beings, like ourselves; their minds sought to unravel the tangled skein of life, even

as yours and mine. Nature too often seemed to them an enemy "red in tooth and claw"; they saw about them the "destruction that wasteth at noonday," and sought in meekness to bow their necks beneath the yoke. Brooding on the mysteries about and within them, there gradually emerged out of the deeps of their spiritual life the sense of all-embracing powers in the universe; some kindly, sympathetic, graciously cooperative; others destructive, cunningly contriving to rob man of everything he valued, possessing the darkness and lurking in the shadows. Some of these Powers of Darkness dwelling in high places, man could propitiate by offerings of various kinds; others demanded a more searching sacrifice, so altars are everywhere erected. Let us not imagine, however, that the lives of these distant forefathers of ours were spent from the cradle to the grave in the atmosphere of the tragic. They must have felt a passionate joy in nature's genial moods; saw new worlds in their vivid dreams, and heard the songs of birds as messages of hope. Physical vitality in and of itself stirred an emotional response deep and pleasurable. They had their joys, their loves and pleasures; for, being human, they are of our common experience. These men, whose lineaments we so dimly see across the years, kept the light of progress burning; they strove to understand themselves, and to think straight; living in tents and huts and

caves, they looked for a city having foundations. We are their beneficiaries, reaping where they sowed and gathering what they reaped, and the harvest as yet is far from being completely garnered.

It is unfortunate that the people of this pre-civilization era all bear in the popular mind the stigmata of inferiority, of brutishness and of savagery. Some of this is no doubt due to the riotous imaginings of scientists and pseudo-scientists. A single bone in the hands of some of these scientific magicians is soon transformed into a complete human being, physically perfect, but esthetically horrible. If our ancestors bore any actual resemblance to some of these productions, then our mirrors reflect progress in beauty, which is gratifying. But nature, when left to herself, does not often produce such ugly specimens of her craftsmanship, and why she should have done so with earliest man is far from being apparent. In recent years we have had more than our normal supply of sweeping generalizations, which too often are the last resort of baffled or tired minds.

When we open the first page of authentic history we find man in possession of almost all the fundamental inventions. He has learned the art not only of using tools, but also of making them. He has learned to protect himself against the inclemencies of nature by clothes and rude shel-

ters. He has learned to cultivate the earth in preparation for his carefully selected grains: to store up water against the day of drouth, and food against the day of need both for himself and the animals he has domesticated. He has long since discovered the boon of fire, and knows how to reproduce it at will. By the invention of language he is able to exchange his thoughts with his fellows: and in writing he has found a medium for recording his business transactions, the history of his tribe and people, as well as his intellectual and emotional reactions to life and the world. In drawing, painting, and sculpture he has developed a very respectable ability in response to his instinctive desire to express his love of the beautiful. Living in society he has learned to establish forms of government suited to his needs: and living as a little mystery within greater mysteries he has learned to set his feet

> Upon the great world's altar stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God.

Such a picture as these earliest records present to us differs in no great essential from life lived to-day on great areas of the world's surface. How all these inventions and discoveries came about we naturally have no certain knowledge. But of this we may be sure, behind each invention and discovery there must lie a thrilling story of trial and error, of success and failure such as characterize the efforts to-day of

men who strive to wring from Nature secrets, the disclosure of which serve to make the rough places smooth, and happiness a common inheritance.

II

EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS

WHETHER civilization first emerged in Egypt or in Mesopotamia is a matter still in dispute, with the greater weight of opinion favoring Egypt. We need not concern ourselves with the dispute, as it is more convenient for our purpose to trace the history of a nation which has existed to the present day over the amazing period of fifty centuries. This is without parallel in the history of peoples, and so is of great importance in our study of civilization, providing as it does a wealth of material by means of which we are able to trace clearly the gradual development of a great nation from its prehistoric background to its fine flowering in a splendid culture.

Herodotus, with the characteristic aptitude of the Greeks, called Egypt "the gift of Nile." Without the periodic overflow of the Nile River, that thin ribbon of fertility we call Egypt would be as barren as the deserts that encase it like a jewel. Nature seems to have been prodigal in her gifts to this land, for it was complete within itself. It is still the most fertile of all lands, tropical in its richness, yet without the disadvantages of the tropics. The Nile is one of the three longest single rivers in the world, bearing in its beneficent flow the rich silt of the tropics

which it deposits as a fertilizing gift upon parched lands. Each year, with almost unbroken regularity, the river fertilizes the fields, so that grains, fruits, vegetables, grasses for sheep, goats, and cattle return for the seed and labor expended, thirty, sixty, and often as much as a hundredfold. Such a land, small in area tho it was, was capable of maintaining a large population. Yet it is not of the type that produces an enervated race, for the dweller must cultivate his fields and must conserve the water in irrigation ditches, all requiring diligent attention and consistent labor.

Looking at a map of Egypt and the lands surrounding it, one is impressed with its seclusion. To the west stretches a desert area, to cross which necessitates long days of weary traveling, issuing ultimately in sparsely populated villages. A narrower desert lies to the east, but the Red Sea lies beyond it, and beyond that comes the Nubian desert. To the south there stretches for hundreds of miles the barren land of Nubia. If one has come down the relatively short route from Palestine he must still travel several days across barren wastes. All these adjoining lands were inhabited by poor nomads who could ravage for a short time but could not conquer the tenacious Egyptians. This seclusiveness was highly conducive to the rise and development of civilization. In our own day we think of civilization in terms of intercourse—interchange of

ideas, travel, cosmopolitanism. But in primitive times what was needed for the development of civilization was security from warlike neighbors bent on despoiling the land with their periodic depredations. So Egypt, no larger than modern Belgium, with its compact population, its security, its fertility, its sparkling sunshine, its congenial climate, was peculiarly fitted to be the home of a thriving, prosperous people whose destiny it was to create a great social system expressing its genius in art, in mathematics, in astronomy, and in medicine.

The prehistoric period of Egyptian history still remains misty notwithstanding the patient researches of many workers in this field. We have evidence which seems to indicate that prehistoric man in Lower Egypt entered the rich Delta lands from Asia. Migratory Libyan peoples from North Africa may also have settled in the western area, and others from the land of Punt may have found a home in Upper Egypt. Anthropologists will probably enjoy a certain measure of success in their efforts to solve the problem of the origin of relatively recent peoples, but it is doubtful if any certainty can ever be reached concerning the origin of such ancient peoples as, say, the Egyptians and Chinese. However that may be, the various strains coming from whatever area were all in due course of time welded together to form one people, of

which the present Egyptian is a lineal descendant.

It was this people which, long before the first page of recorded history was inscribed, laid the foundations of the civilization that we now enjoy. Crude tho the early Egyptians were, going about with their green-painted, unclad bodies; their rulers wearing each a lion's tail at his girdle and bearing a common wooden staff as a scepter of office; they were the builders of a nation whose rule even then extended over wide dominions of towns and villages. Minor lords looked with reverence toward "the great-house" or "the great-estate"—as expressed in the word Pharaoh—paying their just tribute of corn and cattle. And as the children of Israel, during their wanderings through the wilderness, placed the tabernacle in the midst of their own tents, so these more ancient Egyptians built a hut for their god in the center of their own group of huts. Carving his image in wood, they carried it about at the head of the procession on festival days. Using the flints scattered over the desert, they shaped knives and weapons, laboriously but exquisitely; from the reeds and rushes of the marshlands they made cords and mats as well as small skiffs. From the clay of the soil they made tiles, and a variety of utensils for their daily need. In all their carvings, whether in wood or in ivory, there is a distinctive character that is peculiarly their own. Over

a long period of time they had been preparing the way for one of their greatest achievements —the recording of their ideas in writing by small pictures, which at first stood for concepts and later for sounds.

A great deal of our knowledge concerning the habits and mode of life of this ancient people is due to their firm belief in immortality. From their burial grounds on both banks of the Nile we have been able to recover from the graves rich stores of utensils and the incidental things of their common life which tell us the story of their faiths, their mode of living, their workmanship, their inventions and their discoveries. A marvelous climate has made it possible for us to hold in our hands their linen wrappings, to wonder at the exquisite workmanship of their gold and copper ornaments, to see the grains of barley telling us of years of laborious grading and selection, and beautiful examples of art in pottery making, not surpassed in any later period of Egyptian history—all placed in these graves to provide the necessities of the future life. All this tells the story of long ages during which agriculture was developed, cattle raising, government, irrigation works, arts, some science, writing, and the use of metals, testifying to a relatively high stage of civilization. We find man's cooperative activity extending his dominion over nature; and the spirit within him plainly testifying to the fact that human life is

more than meat and raiment, or the satisfaction of physical needs.

All the discoveries thus enumerated come from the Delta territory of Egypt, and from the standpoint of its civilization this may be called the prehistoric period. For a long time before the opening of the second great period, the country has been divided into two kingdoms, but union is consummated under King Menes (3345 B.C.). Now we see a tremendous forward movement in Egypt's affairs. She has grown powerful, self-conscious, glorying in her strength and in her powers. About this period a stamp is set upon the characteristic features of Egyptian genius, never fundamentally modified through the succeeding centuries. During these centuries those gigantic monuments of human labor and human genius, the great pyramids, are erected to defy the ravages of time down to our own day. They tell us all we need to know concerning the dominant passion of their lives. Only across in Sumeria do we find any other people reaching such confident heights of self-expression. Elsewhere the peoples of the world are still slumbering peacefully in their winter sleep.

A walk through the Egyptian section of any large museum impresses one with the huge dimensions of Egypt's pyramids, obelisks, temples, shrines, sphinxes. In contrast with the art of other nations Egypt seems to have been passionately in love with the colossal. The rea-

son for this is probably to be found in two facts of considerable significance. In the first place, it must not be forgotten that the Egyptian artist was a pioneer. There were no models for him to fall back upon; no suggestions of treatment, nothing to provoke by comparison his creative genius; he stood alone, because he was first in his field. And the second fact we must recall is that art, in common with all other expressions of the human spirit, must create out of the content of its own experience. The Egyptian was surrounded by nature's immensities. The transparently clear sky, by day and by night, stretched out above him as a vast void. In one direction lay the great sea, with its uncharted waters, and on all other sides, apparently, were interminable deserts with unexplored lands lying beyond. He was set amidst the immensities, and his spirit responded. Also, he looked within and without and saw all the mighty things created by the spirit of man—especially so when their strength waxed mightily after the union of the kingdoms under King Mene. The wonder is, not that he created colossal objects of his art, but how, under the circumstances, he could ever have resisted doing so. For a just estimate of it we must appreciate its relations with time and place, and recognize its great importance in the evolution of art.

The pyramids, which the classical writers numbered amongst the seven wonders of the

world, are marvelous structures even considered from the standpoint of the present. No other land has anything like them, so that they still remain peculiarly Egyptian. They stand as the embodiment of a particular epoch, and witness to the fact that the people of that age were highly civilized—even tho we know little else about them save the fact that they were the builders. When Cheops came to choose the site for his pyramid he selected a portion of the plateau overlooking "the city of the white wall" and also of the holy city of Heliopolis. The finished pyramid had a height of 476 feet and a base of 763 feet square. Time, however, has modified some of these dimensions, so that it now stands 450 and 730 respectively. Even at the time of the Arab conquest of Egypt in A.D. 639-40, the pyramid still retained its polished facing, colored by age, but all so beautifully joined together that one would imagine the entire structure to have been made out of a single slab of colored stone. Great tombs they were, for individuals or for families, and almost every device imaginable was incorporated within the structures in order to conceal from lawless eyes the exact position of the sarcophagus. Not only did the kings erect these impressive family tombs, but from the beginning of the IVth to the end of XIVth Dynasty—that is, during a period of about fifteen hundred years—the construction of pyramids went on as a common matter of

state affairs financed by government funds. Princes and princesses drew from their own resources to build theirs, so that these structures stretch along the roads to a distance of sixty miles or so.

During these centuries we find an expanding life pushing out eagerly to acquire the riches of other lands. Mastery of the waters of the Nile and of the Delta has given increased confidence, so that, with larger boats and outstretched sail the Egyptians explore the lands about the eastern Mediterranean, carrying with them the commerce of their own land in exchange for the products of other lands. Caravans move overland and into the territories we know as the Sudan, trading goods for gums with their rich fragrance, ebony, ivory and the decorative ostrich feathers. After one has accustomed oneself to read the significance of the scenes of Egyptian life coming from this period as painted on the walls of the chapels and tombs, one realizes that the life of the period was much like that of the busy activities of the present. It had its poverty and its wealth, its crudities and its amazing richness, its sorrows and its joys.

But all good things come to an end. The probability is that so much wealth and such a rapidly expanding life brought its own internal disorders, so that the Pharaohs of the pyramid-building period pass away to give place to another period, somewhere about 2500 B.C. This passing

age has been marvelously rich in all those productions of the human spirit which have to do with man's daily life, his habitations, his government, his religion, and the subtler moods of his creative mind. Truly could the Egyptians look back upon this entire era and say "There were giants in the land in those days." Mixed elements within their population had contributed a measure of virility, of energy which in turn stimulated their thinking and drove them out to gather tribute from distant lands for the enrichment of their own. And then, when a high state of culture had been reached, its very luxuries made them soft, its ease produced a lassitude which made it impossible for them to rise to new duties and sterner tasks. Some writers hold that the Egyptians had at this time become priest-ridden, hence their decline. One says: "The priesthood of Egypt perhaps embalmed the civilization of the Nile, but they surely killed it." Such a statement explains nothing, only pushes the problem a little farther back where causes adequate to explain the decline may be found.

Whatever the causes may have been for the passing of the pyramid age of Egyptian life, it was not entirely to be regretted as far as Egypt was concerned. Other times bring other modes of expression, and we shall see that the Feudal Age of Egyptian history brought its own fine contributions.

The use of the term feudal in discussing this period is very apt. It suggests to our minds kings, lords, common laboring peoples, serfs, slaves, a civilization with a highly compact life. Wealthy land barons dwelling in splendor upon their estates ruled like kings. This period is supposed to have lasted for several centuries and was widely extended and thoroughly established by 2000 B.C.

From the pyramid period we have been able to recover but few writings, and among these none on papyrus. The inscriptions on stone which come to us naturally do not reveal much history, for they deal more particularly with the worship of the gods, sacrifices, processions, hymns, etc. The style is stiff and pompous and about as much information concerning the life and customs of the times as one in our day would gather from tomb-stone inscriptions, or from history epitaphs on monuments, concerning the men whose memory they are erected. In the records of this feudal period, however, we are much more fortunate. The papyri, particularly the *Book of the Dead*, have value not only for the glimpses they give of the religious life of the times. Numerous books coming to us testify to the care taken of stimulating the youth of the land to virtuous and to acquire knowledge in such doses as possible, with the greatest happiness as characterized the

books of our earlier days. From them, however, we fail to gain much knowledge as to the details of living, except as we read between the lines. But we do gain somewhat more when we come to the Romances of which the Egyptians were so fond. Many of these are fine stories of adventure, of wanderings in strange lands, of the wonders of that fascinating world lying beyond the hills, the deserts, and the seas.

When we examine the papyri dealing with business, however, the letters, the tax notices and receipts, the police records, etc., we come into intimate contact with the life of the people as they actually lived. The official account which the investigating police returned to their headquarters after investigating the robbery of the tombs of the kings at Memphis—about 1100 B.C.—could easily have been written by the New York police to their department heads—for they failed to discover the robbers, and were unable to find them. Not only so, but these ancient police had to confess that they were in league with the robbers, so the authorities had to remove the sacred bodies to a secret cave. Bribery in those days was almost as honorable an institution as the legal profession is in modern times. The successful tomb-robber was sure of a comfortable high place in the esteem of his fellows.

From the papyri we are able to learn much of the life of the people, notwithstanding

standing the fact that we are tantalized by our inability to know more. We see their social problems emerge to the surface; we hear the cry of the poor and the oppressed in the writings of social reformers who strive to make their lot more bearable and laws more equitable. We note the great strides forward which medical knowledge and practise had made. Astronomy was becoming more and more of a science, tho the Egyptians do not appear to have been alone in this. The Pharaohs of the period greatly extended the functions of government, and greatly improved it. As in the pyramid period the wealth of other lands is carried by sea in their ships, and over the land by their unresting caravans. A canal was dug from the Red Sea to a branch of the Nile—a Panama project which meant as much to Egypt's trade as the latter does to ours. Truly a rich and ample life, full of glorious achievements, of immense wealth, of benumbing poverty, of far-flung interests and of economic gains.

The last great period we shall consider is that of the Empire—about 1580-1150 B.C.

The close of the Feudal Period finds Egypt in a condition of political decadence and corruption, and the glory that was Egypt seems to have passed away, save in the memories of men and the monuments and tombs. The Hyksos, probably a powerful Bedouin tribe, conquer the enervated Egyptians and rule over them as

barbarian conquerors. But, it seems that these Hyksos could not maintain their place as conquerors, for their lax rule made it possible for the Egyptian princes, who ruled as vassals in the cities, to rise and win again their freedom. One of them in particular, who ruled the little city of Thebes in Upper Egypt with some of the genius of a Napoleon, gained first of all a supremacy over the other princes, and finally successfully matched his prowess with the Hyksos themselves. Egypt is now free once more and under the rule of its own princes. With Thebes as capital and Amen as god she goes on to a more glorious period, into probably the greatest age in her long history. Now the arm of Egypt is to extend itself northward to Northern Syria; southward to the Sudan; holding friendly intercourse with the rising Assyrians and the peoples of ancient Babylonia. These two ancient civilizations, Egypt and Babylonia, have been developing along similar lines. They had not much intimate contact with each other, but it is morally certain that for some few centuries the two civilizations which have meant so much to the world must have enjoyed interchange of possessions and ideas. Trade not only went on between these countries, but also with the Mycenean civilization, and the wealth pouring into the country made possible the erection of those gigantic Theban temples.

By means of the discoveries made through-

out Asia and Europe, greatly increasing in their content almost every day, we are able to judge of the wealth, the art and the fine workmanship of Egyptian craftsmen, in the small glasses, the silver and bronze, and the faience. All these examples of her talents profoundly influenced the craftsmen of those lands to which they were exported. Within the Egyptian houses we see such forms of household furniture as grace our own. And many an article in common use today finds its ancestral home in this Empire Period along the banks of the Nile. At this time Egypt occupied the first place in the world, and one can hardly imagine the far-stretching range of her permeating influence. But not alone in these material things did she affect the world; there must also have gone out from her the quickening influences of her intellectual riches—her religion, her poetry, her literature.

Unfortunately, there is another side to this glorious picture of an amazingly fertile people. The poet has said that:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,

and so it was with Egypt. The application of great wealth to the construction of these wonderful temples transformed the landscape—but the fatness of wealth made her kick against the old customs and simple habits. The lords and barons cast aside their simple garb, their old-

time costumes, and vied with each other in costly raiment proclaiming their importance. The language is stripped of its former elegance, and becomes a vulgar tongue. Coming into touch with other cultures, other habits and styles, the leaders soon take on the airs and habits of cosmopolites. The influences of Asia pour in; the sons of the vassals of Egypt attend the person of the king, like noble lords about a Louis XIV, and their daughters grace the grounds of the king's harem. Asiatic fashions come into vogue—things alien to the true spirit of an Egyptian. If Egypt exports her products she imports exotics from other climes.

Being broader-minded than their fathers, the children bend their knee to Baal, the Canaanitish god—to Astarte—and the gods of nameless tribes. Their ears are captivated by the singing girls of Asia accompanied by their lyres, and the harp of Egypt is silenced. Who knows how many Johns of Egypt lost their heads through the singing and the sighing of the maids of Asia? Egypt had not vigor enough to cast off the sleeping sickness of her own decadence. One wonders what she might have done in the days of her strength by the assimilation of new ideas, the absorption of the genius of other cultures! The father-in-law of the famous Tut-ankh-Amen—Amenhotep IV—did put forth strenuous efforts to stay the drift of the time by organizing a new religion, a monotheistic

religion, wherein the worship of only one god should be permitted—the Sun, which could be worshiped by all. How familiar it sounds to our ears when the hymns to this Sun-god reiterate the fact that men everywhere, of whatever clime or race, whether of Syria, Ethiopia, or Egypt, are all alike dear to him. God has made them to differ in color and in speech—he has placed them in different lands—but all are in his thoughts and to all his good-will extends.

But the earnest efforts of Amenhotep IV all came to naught because of family misfortunes, his own death, and the death of his sons-in-law, and more particularly because of the grapple-hold the priests of the old religion held upon the people and the general apathy of the people themselves. This was the end of Egypt's glory. It rises again occasionally in an autumnal display of splendor—but it soon passes. Egypt had allowed her spiritual resources to become too prodigally and unwisely expended; consequently in her political decay she could not stay the march of younger and more vigorous nations, who ascended to the political heights she had occupied, and took her place. The king's power had passed to the priests, and from their paralyzing grip it passed to the commanders of Syrian mercenaries. Then comes the Ethiopian barbarism—only to be displaced by Assyria. For a time, after the fall of the Assyrian Empire, it looked as if Egypt would regain her wealth and

power. It was just a passing light reflecting a forlorn hope. At the close of the sixth century B.C. she became a Persian province. Gathering together her wasted energies, she threw off for a few years the Persian hold, only to fall again into the same hands. From this date—400 B.C. —Egypt has never known an independent ruler of her own blood. She has been the prey of any despoiler strong enough to make his way to her. Alexander the Great took the country for himself, and on his death, one of his generals, Ptolemy, held it for his own. Down through his family it came into the mighty hand of Rome in 30 B.C. In the sixth century A.D., as we have noted, the Arabs conquered the land, imposing upon it the Mohammedan religion, tho a sect called the Copts maintained, as they do to this day, the Christian faith to which their ancestors had become converted.

Notwithstanding the fact that Egypt was dead, she contrived to exercise—as she does to-day—an extraordinary spell over the world. In the decadent period of the life of Rome the worship of Isis and Serapis spread far and wide. In that era, as in ours, tourists stood in wonder before the evidences of former greatness and felt the subtle influence of Egypt permeating their minds. This was a land of magic, of sorcery, of the esoteric—a veritable Holy Land of occult mysteries. And to-day, in the full light of the twentieth century, numbers of apparently in-

telligent people look on the geometric proportions of the pyramids as prophetic symbols which by interpretation spell out the meaning of the present and the significance of the future.

Egypt, however, speaks to our age, not in the language of magic or of the occult, but in that of her mighty achievements. It would be impossible for us to list the varied items of her legacy to us, for most of them have become essentials of our common life. The implements we use in our daily tasks, many of our arts and crafts, were to a much greater extent than we generally recognize, first used and practised and conserved in that civilization of the Nile Valley. How many of the ideas which are part of our everyday life have come to us over the long centuries from this people? No man knows, for not only are they our inheritance, they were also the inheritance of millions before us in the long march of civilization from their day to ours. But more than all these individual contributions is the fact that for some thousands of years, while the peoples in most other lands were still in darkness, this people worked its way out of darkness into light, and revealed for the first time the capacities of the human spirit, leaving as rich an endowment for those who should come after them as any people has ever done. For this we should reverence them, not in superstitious awe, but in profound appreciation of their inestimable gifts.

III

BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN CIVILIZATION

No two countries have more features in common than Egypt and Babylonia. The climate is similar—the fertility is alike in both—and both are gifts of great rivers. Looking at the map one may see the long ranges of the Armenian and Zagros Mountains and the head of the Persian Gulf. Lying within these boundaries is the civilization of the Babylonian peoples—Semitic in character and far-reaching in their influence, particularly through the Hebrews, on later civilizations. When we told the story of Egypt we proceeded from the Delta of the Nile up the river to the First Cataract. With Babylonia we reverse the geographical order; beginning at the head of the Persian Gulf, we follow along until we reach the shores of the Mediterranean at its eastern extremity along the Syrian coast.

The name Babylonia—possibly from babel, meaning confusion—was in ancient times applied to the lower part of the territory. The name Chaldea is also given to the region, because the early Babylonian Kingdom was called Chaldean. The Greek name, Mesopotamia (between the rivers), was first of all applied to the territory

lying above the city of Babylon and later to the entire country.

In prehistoric times the head of the Persian Gulf was considerably higher up in the country than it is now, and the two rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, entered the Gulf by separate mouths. But the accumulation of silt brought down by these rivers from their highland sources has gradually pushed the head of the Gulf lower down. This accumulated silt formed one of the most fertile areas in the world, to which wandering tribes were attracted, and within which they settled. It appears that up in the northern parts of the Syrian Desert, and in the upper regions of the Euphrates Valley, were a people of Semitic speech who gradually moved down to occupy the newly-formed delta, and who later on established the kingdom known as Akked. At the lower extremity of the delta, about the head of the Persian Gulf, there drifted in from the Arabian plateau other Semitic peoples, the ancestors of the modern Bedouins. In the regions round about the Zagros Mountains there lived a fair-haired people of Caucasian stock whose advance down the Tigris Valley was blocked; and these occupied the lands later known as Assyria. The Semitic people that had trekked into the lower parts of the delta seem not to have been anything like as highly civilized as the other Semites. But with the coming of the Sumerians into the same territory we come into contact

with a people of great intellectual and civilizing powers. We are told that they were a dark-haired people, speaking a language similar to the Turkish—in physical appearance resembling the Arabs, and of Indo-European stock. No knowledge has yet come to us concerning their original home. Scholars have found striking resemblances to the Sumerian race among the natives of Afghanistan, of Baluchistan, and of regions far up the Indus Valley, some 1,500 miles from Mesopotamia, where we first meet them. Evidences have recently come to light showing that remains of a very early civilization in the Indus Valley bear a striking likeness to that of Sumeria. What we are to deduce from these facts, we are not yet prepared to say.

The state of civilization found by the Sumerians when they entered the lower delta did not excite their admiration. After the fertile land had been settled and the swamps drained, we see towns rising, temples erected, government organized, and a system of city-states, similar to those of the Greeks and Romans. This system of decentralized government could not satisfactorily meet the requirements of a progressive people. It is not our purpose to enter into details, but we may note the progress and development of the country. By 2000 B.C. the Sumerian scribes looked upon their Golden Age as lying in the past, and took great delight in portraying

its glories; but as far as civilization was concerned, the chief glories were yet to come.

One of the greatest romances of Sumeria is the romance of its rediscovery. A few years ago its existence was a mere tradition, and most of the information we had concerning it came from the Hebrew Bible. And in the days when the Biblical "higher critic" walked on his dizzy heights, his vision dismissed the Sumerians as only a mirage. But what the heads of men could not discover was left to the spades of the archeologists—those modern Columbuses of ancient worlds. Now "the history of the Sumerians can be written and their art illustrated more fully than that of many ancient peoples." Nations that died more than four thousand years ago have come to life in these days of the twentieth century, telling us of their contributions to civilization and human progress. We may lightly touch on some of these contributions from Egypt—from Babylonia—from the Hebrews—and glance also at the great body of imponderable influences which entered into the civilization of these peoples; influences oftentimes more important than the mere implements of physical progress in material things.

The second part of our story has to do with the rise of Sargon I, the warrior of Akkad who made himself master of the entire region known as the Plain of Shinar. This man emerges as the first outstanding leader of the Semitic race. By

his tremendous capacity for hard work, his organizing ability and war-like prowess, he welded the separate elements of his Akkadian countrymen into a strong fighting force, conquered a large territory, built cities, changed the habits of his people, and made them over into a united nation. In his conquest of Sumeria he did not make the mistake of despising their civilization —he appropriated it. The assimilative ability of these Semites absorbed the genius of Sumeria in writing, adopted their calendar, weights, and measures, and took over their methods of doing business, as well as the arts of sculpture, seal-cutting, etc.

In later times we see the rise of Sumer to power over the weak descendants of Sargon. Ur, the ancient home of Abraham, and a thriving city in his day, led a revolt, joined by other cities, which in its successful issue led to the establishment of the united kingdoms of Sumer and Akkad. And in the ensuing peace we see for the first time literature flourishing, general prosperity prevailing, great buildings rising, and a more genial and wholesome humanizing of life going on.

Decay sets in, however. New tribes enter on the scene, among them the Amorites of Syria. These Semitic tribes settle about a small town called Babylon, situated on the banks of the Euphrates. From this center they engage in unresting warfare against the kings of Sumeria

and Akkad, and after a century of war by attrition, we note the rise of Hammurabi to power in 2100 B.C. He it was who finally conquered the territory, setting up his capital in the city of Babylon. This man has been called, tho not very appropriately, "the George Washington of his country." He was without question the greatest Semite of his line—the organizer of his country, the codifier of its laws, and a first-class administrator. Fortunately, we have a splendid collection of Hammurabi's letters at hand, from which we are enabled to gather a goodly store of valuable information concerning his times. We see him sitting in his office—"the executive office of his palace at Babylon, with his secretary at his side. In short, clear sentences the king begins dictating his brief letters, conveying his commands to the local governors of the old Sumerian cities which he now rules."

But by far the most interesting of all the records coming to us from Hammurabi is the code of laws bearing his name. This code is approximately a thousand years older than the code of Moses. It only goes to show how carefully dogmatists should dogmatize when we remember that the code of Moses was once thought to have come from a much later date than the reputed age of Moses, because such a highly developed stage of civilization as the laws presuppose could not possibly have existed in his time! The laws inscribed on this code of Hammu-

rabi were doubtless the laws appropriated by these early Babylonians from the Sumerians.

First, as to the discovery of this famous code. The monument on which it is inscribed is a cylinder of black diorite, an exceedingly hard stone, and stands eight feet high. It was discovered by a French excavating expedition of archeologists under the direction of M. de Morgan and was brought to light during their work at Shushan in December and January of 1901-1902. On one side of the cylinder is a bas-relief showing us Hammurabi receiving the laws from Shamash, the sun-god, god of righteousness and of justice. The king stands in a respectful attitude before the god, realizing the momentousness of the occasion. There are sixteen columns of writing in beautiful script, with 2,510 lines. These are some of the things Hammurabi says about himself:

> The just decrees which Hammurabi, the wise king, has established; for the land a sure law and a happy reign he has procured. Hammurabi, the protecting king, I am. From the black heads (the Sumerians) which Bel gave me, to be a shepherd over which Marduk appointed me, I have not held aloof, have not rested; places of peace I have provided for them; I opened up a way through steep passes and sent them aid. With the powerful arms with which Zamama and Ishtar endowed me, with the clear glance that Ea granted me, with the bravery which Marduk gave me, the enemy above and below I have rooted out, the deeps I have conquered, established the

prosperity of the country, the dwellers in houses have I made to live in safety; a cause for fear I have not suffered to exist. The great gods have chosen me. Hammurabi, the king of righteousness to whom Shamash gave the law, I am.

No items in the code are more important or more often stressed than those relating to personal responsibility. If a man stored anything for another, hired a horse, a boat, or anything else, he was responsible. Jerry builders would have had a hard time in those days, for the builder was responsible for the firm structure of the house. And medical men could not gaze upon an undertaker as a mere manufacturer of underground novelties, or as convenient disposers of their mistakes, for the medical men were held responsible for the lives of their patients. Another characteristic feature was the emphasis on reducing everything to writing—a marriage contract, a business transaction, each had the signature of witnesses and a seal attached. We are all familiar with the supposedly cruel Mosaic principle of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"; nevertheless this was a great advance upon the unjust principle of trying to get a head for an eye—and a leg for a tooth. Hammurabi's code attempted to make punishment exactly balance the crime, and we are still experimenting with the idea. Hear Hammurabi further:

If a man has accused the witnesses in a lawsuit of malice and has not proved what he said: if the suit was one of life and death, that man shall be put to death. If he has sent coin and silver to the witness, he shall bear the penalty of the suit.

If anyone has broken a hole in a house, in front of that hole one shall kill him and bury him.

If anyone has committed a robbery and is caught, he shall be killed. If the robber is not caught, the man who has been robbed shall make claim before God to everything stolen from him, and the town and its governor within the territory and limits of which the robbery took place shall give back to him everything he has lost.

If anyone has caused a finger to be pointed at a votary, or the wife of a man, and has not proved his accusation, one shall bring him before the judge and brand his forehead.

In this period Babylon was the center not only of government but also of culture and civilization, given more to the arts and privileges of peace than to the privations of war. It offered an irresistible attraction to the Assyrians, whose conquest of this early Babylonian Empire made possible the rise of the Assyrian Empire (1300-606). The home of the Assyrians, another Semitic people, was on the highlands above the Tigris, towards the north. Some time about 3000 B.C. a tribe of the Semitic race had settled at Assur, where was the altar reared to the god Assur. Much of their civilization had been borrowed from the Sumerians—as was also the early form

of their city-state government. Enjoying a much more vigorous climate than those dwelling on the plains, they developed the fighting qualities characteristic of highland peoples. Their exposure to the invasions of other peoples, such as the Hittites, made it incumbent on them to organize their forces for self-preservation; and from this it was not far to employing them for conquering new territories. Assyrians had been dribbling down to the rich plains of Babylonia for a long time, partaking of its prosperity, and engaging in its commercial activities. The time was bound to come when the Assyrian kings would feel themselves capable of mastering by their armies the whole of Babylonia. After successfully beating the excellent fighting machine of the Hittites, they turned their attention westward, and during most of their reigns we see them occupying the countries from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea—and from Media to Egypt. Fierce and cruel fighters, they seem to have gloried in the mighty military forces they had organized, and in striking terror into the hearts of all who attempted to withstand them. We recall Byron's lines:

> The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold;
> His cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.

As such the Hebrews looked on them. They had made their capital the city of Nineveh on the Tigris, from which Layard was able to gather

rich stores of knowledge after the city had lain in ruins for thousands of years.

It is probably not just to the Assyrians to say that their chief contribution to history is the record of their military prowess. For tho they appropriated the civilization of Babylonia, nevertheless, they contributed of their own stores. We know that under Assurbanipal—the last great Assyrian emperor—an effort was made to collect and arrange all the religious, scientific, and literary productions of the past. While the Assyrian used the cuneiform writing developed by the Babylonians from the cumbersome hieroglyphics, they enriched it by their own contribution in their developing literature. Tho they borrowed the mechanical as they did the scientific arts, they greatly improved upon them. The Babylonian system of imperial government was greatly inferior to that of Assyria. And in sculpture, as well as in ampler forms of architecture, they were greatly superior to the Babylonians.

The oppression of these Assyrian rulers, instead of breaking down all opposition within the many parts of their empire, only served to keep it under cover. Revolts broke out everywhere throughout the vast empire. The governor of Babylon made an alliance with the king of the Medes—Cyaxerxes—and Saracus, the last of the Assyrian rulers, had to bend his neck beneath the yoke. Nineveh—after a long siege—was taken

in 606 B.C. Rather than fall into the hands of his enemy, Saracus set fire to his palace, in which he perished with his family. As went Nineveh, so went the empire; it fell apart like a house of cards, and men tried to blot its very memory from their minds. What universal rejoicings filled the hearts of the oppressed peoples! The scourge of Asia had passed! Listen to the glad exultation of the prophet Nahum over the destruction of Nineveh:

> Woe to the city of blood! It is full of lies and rapine; the prey departeth not. The noise of the whip, and the noise of the rattling of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, the jumping chariots. The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear: and there is a great multitude of slain, and a great multitude of carcases; and there is no end to the number of their corpses; they stumble upon their corpses. . . . And it shall come to pass that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee, and say, Nineveh is laid waste, who will bemoan her? Whence shall I seek comforters for thee?

Upon the ruins of the old there rises the new Babylonian Empire (606-538), which, tho short-lived, is to make, by its great wealth and power, a deep and lasting impression upon the neighboring peoples. The Babylonians had never forgotten that before the coming of the destructive Assyrians, Babylon had been a glorious city—and their empire likewise. Under the rule of one king—and by his diligent and wisely applied

energy—Babylon was to be rebuilt, restored to its former greatness, and to surpass it, taking the place of fallen Nineveh as the new capital of a more glorious empire. Much of the stimulus and enthusiasm of this new period comes from the admixture of new blood in the old stream. This new blood comes from the Chaldeans, a people of uncertain origin, whose name is often given to this later period of Babylonian history. The probability is that their energy was the chief factor in the revival of power.

But the name most closely associated with this brilliant period is that of Nebuchadnezzar; he who walled the city about, and gave it possession of one of the seven wonders of the ancient world —the famous hanging gardens; the man who conquered the Phenicians, and led the Hebrews into their Babylonian captivity. In the book of the prophet Daniel we get a vivid picture of the supposed fall of Babylon during the great feast of Belshazzar—the historical accuracy of which is a matter of doubt. During a reign of more than forty years Nebuchadnezzar brought western Asia under his rule—defeated an Egyptian army led by Necho, occupied Syria, and forced the Jewish king to recognize him as overlord. Trade and commerce flourished during his reign—along the Euphrates, on the east coast of Arabia, and up into Armenia. Babylon became the greatest trading center of the ancient world, and its fame as a trading center was matched

only by its notorious immorality and its excessive luxury.

The Persians

The successors of Nebuchadnezzar had the forms of royalty, but totally lacked the power. When Cyrus the Great came down from the hills with his Persian army, he found no insuperable obstacles to his conquest of the land.

With the Persians we begin another part of the story of the Eastern world. With them we depart for the time from the Semitic to the Aryan peoples—tribes that had wandered down from the north and northeast some time after 3000 B.C., breaking away from other Aryan tribes and finding a home on the high tableland of Iran. Here they settled down, giving up their nomadic life. During these early years they were subject to the control of powers stronger than themselves. The Medes conquered them, and the Assyrians made their land one of its dependencies. It is not until the time of Cyrus the Great that Persia comes into her own—for the army is now thoroughly organized, and under his guidance it enjoys victory as its birthright. These Persians were a superior people: they had a rich Aryan heritage to draw on, and no great past to hinder them. We see this in the philosophical-religious system of Zoroastrianism, named after its founder, Zoroaster, who lived about 1000 B.C. Even to-day, some of the

descendants and adherents of this faith, driven to India by the persecuting Mohammedans, still live there under the name of Parsees. It is reported that a recent proclamation of the Persian government offers land in Persia to these Indian Parsees if they desire to return to their ancient homeland.

When the Assyrian was at the apex of his power, some time before 600 B.C., the Medes ruled Iran, and the Persians were vassals under them. When the Babylonians made a bargain with the Medes to join their forces against the Assyrians—which resulted in Nineveh being humbled to the dust—the conquerors divided western Asia among themselves—save the kingdom of Lydia. This little kingdom is famous, not solely because of the prosperity given to it by the fabulously wealthy Crœsus, but also on its own account. Crœsus had conquered the Greeks and had built for himself a splendid capital at Sardis in Asia Minor. When the Persians conquered Lydia, of course they took the Greeks in also, a most significant fact, and pregnant with momentous consequences.

Shortly after this event, Cyrus felt it incumbent upon himself to conquer the Medes, which he accomplished in good time. Babylonia was now aroused to the menace of this new power, but she had no great resistance to offer, so that Cyrus was to make a Persian empire out of his many conquests. He it was who made provision

for the Jews to return to their home-land singing: "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion we were like men that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongues with singing." This was a distinct change from the minor key of their Babylonian hymn: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down and wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For they that carried us away required of us a song. . . . How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning. If I do not remember thee, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

No man of the ancient world more deserves the title "Great" than Cyrus. Not only was he the founder of the first great world empire, anticipating Alexander's, but he founded it without staining his honor by wasting an unnecessary amount of human life. His shield "is stained by no horrible deeds of blood, of frightful revenge and cruelty" such as disgraced the victories of other conquerors. The records as they come down to us all testify to the fact of his generosity towards his enemies—his conciliatory policies—his rare statesmanship—and the kindliness of his despotic rule.

After his death the empire goes on for more than three hundred years. Disturbances arise

within the empire, and rebellions explode almost everywhere. With Darius (500 B.C.), however, Persia acquired another Cyrus. He energetically quelled the rebellions, marched into the Punjaub in India, and reduced it to a Persian province. In all the provinces established by Darius he was wise enough to permit—what many a modern ruler has never seemed to have the insight to do—the subject races to retain their languages, their customs, their religions, and their particular civic codes. So the temple in Jerusalem rises to completion, the Greeks in Asia keep their governments, Phenicia keeps her kings, and Egypt her hereditary monarchs. But perhaps the greatest achievement of Darius was his organization of the Persian government. Before his time the conquered provinces were guarded by garrisons of soldiers—they kept their own governments and paid their tribute. Many of the rebellions were due to this system, in that provincial governors, finding their strength returning, would decide to throw off their allegiance to the Persian government and give up the expensive habit of paying tribute. Darius appointed three officials for each province: one, the governor or satrap; the second, a general; and the third, a secretary. The governor looked after civil affairs, the general looked after military affairs, and the secretary looked after both of them. The governor paid the bills of the general, and the secretary immediately reported

to his master any collusion between the two, or the first signs of treachery. When the king issued the order, one or all of them could be put to death at once. Such a province went under the name of a satrapy. It was a great advance upon any system formerly tried for the government of a province, and it functioned splendidly for a long time after first-class rulers had passed out of Persia.

The successors of Darius were, in the main, a sorry lot. It seems to have been the fate of all builders of Eastern empires to fail to give their work any large degree of permanence. As conquerors they rode on the crest of the wave; most of their abilities seemed to rise to meet a crisis. But when the excitement and dangers of warfare gave place to the monotony of peace, these rulers seemed to lose every virtue. Now come murders, fratricides, parricides, daggers and poisons and gross immoralities, as well as petty palace intrigues emanating from the miasma of the harem.

The Hebrews

No other people of the ancient world ever exerted upon our civilization any influence comparable to that of the Hebrews. Insignificant as far as numbers were concerned: having no great art: no science: no individual form of architecture: no great philosophers: no political geniuses: they yet possessed one thing more

potent than all these—a literature within which is enshrined the highest ethical idealism the world knows anything about. Egypt, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, and Rome have all passed away, leaving us the deposits of their cultures. But it would hardly be an exaggeration to state that the world could more readily dispense with the total output of all these civilizations than with the contributions of the Hebrew people. We cannot look about us in these days on the practical forms in which idealism enshrines itself without realizing that in large measure this is due to the influence of the Hebrews.

If we doubt such a statement, let us take a look into those countries that were practically untouched by this idealism—India and China. Much of the age-long distress of India, as well as its present condition, is due to the fact that Hinduism and not Hebraism became the religion of the country. And the conservatism of the Chinese character needed the progressive dynamic of Hebraism in order to stir its spirit from a benumbing attachment to the past, to an appreciation of the value of the present and of the privileges of the future. As a recent Chinese writer has said, "The term 'materialistic civilization,' which has often been applied to stigmatize the modern civilization of the West, seems to me to be a more appropriate word for the characterizing of the backward civilization of the East." Its very materialism is nothing other

than crystalized idealism, and the main stream of that idealism comes to us from that mightily significant people who lived their day in the land of Palestine. We would refer the reader to the records of that people as found in the finest cross-section of a people's development the world owns—the Bible.

The Phenicians

We must mention another "little" people of this Semitic race whose influence upon the world has been more potent than that of Egypt or Babylonia—the Phenicians. Their state also was one of the smallest in antiquity—a narrow strip of the Syrian coast about two hundred miles from north to south and about thirty-five miles in width. Their two chief cities were Sidon, and, a short distance away, the queen of Phenician cities, Tyre. But in time they were to spread their trade-colonies all over the Mediterranean, and up into other lands, ever on the search for new trade areas and commercial centers. They were the bees of the ancient world carrying the pollen of culture wherever they went. The necessities of trade and commerce drove them to perfect an alphabet, and from them the western world obtained it. In some respects they were unique in the ancient world, and this distinction was interred with them. For they were not interested in conquests, save commercial; they did not mind paying tribute to military powers, as

long as those powers did not interfere with their rights of trade. They had a Greek-like capacity for assimilating to themselves whatever Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia or any other phase of civilization offered; but their chief genius lay in invention, technical skill, business activity, and in industry. In the working of iron, gold, ivory, glass, and purple dyes they stood in the ancient world without a peer.

We recall from the Old Testament the story of David's wish to build a temple worthy of the worship of the God of Israel. It is intimated to him that the work had better be left to his son Solomon. So we see Solomon making a treaty with Hiram, king of Tyre. Hiram was to furnish cedar and cypress-wood, together with carpenters and stone-masons for the building, and to ship the materials on rafts to Judah. Much of the external splendor of Solomon's brilliant and showy rule should be credited to the technical skill of these master-craftsmen of Phenicia. Through their cities flowed the highly profitable trade of Arabia and the East: and their manufacturers were kept busy turning out their products of metals, glass, and purple. By sea and by land they traveled everywhere—missionaries of trade—the master-bargainers of the Old World. At the time of Homer the Phenicians were credited with being pirates—robbers—and merchants only by virtue of necessity. Possibly nothing worse than legend, but we are told they

brought their trinkets, beads, and cheap baubles, which they sold at high prices and kidnaped boys and girls to be sold in the Eastern markets as a side-line. Later on, when the Greeks had learned the same trades, they beat their Phenician teachers at their own specialties. Greece, however, for long years depended upon the Phenicians for certain costly articles, including the perfumes and spices imported from Arabia. So also from the famed shops of Tyre the Greeks bought their purple garments—their most costly wearing apparel—their jewels, ornaments, trinkets, far superior in workmanship to those produced in any other land or by any other people.

We are told that when these exploring Phenicians landed in Spain and discovered the silver mines there, they loaded their boats to the water's edge, made all kinds of utensils out of silver, even to their anchors, and sailed back with their rich find. They had no need to mine the metal, for it was lying almost on the surface, ready to be kicked up. When the surface silver was exhausted, they employed the natives —or rather drove slaves to the task—to open up mines. So did they add to their wealth, and continued their explorations and trading wherever wealth was to be gained. And in so doing they unconsciously carried with them the seeds of civilization, which in due time were to fall into good ground to bring forth, some thirty fold, some sixty—and with the Greeks—a hundred fold.

IV

THE LAND AND PEOPLES OF GREECE

Hellas, the homeland of the ancient Greeks, was relatively a small country, bounded by narrow seas on two sides, with ill-defined limits to the north—the Greek Apennines. Exclusive of the islands, the entire territory was approximately 60,000 square miles. The Greeks, however, never thought of their land as having geographic limits; their Hellas was a Hellas of race and of culture and not of geography. Very early after they had trekked down into the Ægean territory, they disciplined their fear of the sea, so that we soon find them moving from island to island, occupying the mainland, seeking more fertile territories and engaging in trade wherever possible. They mastered the eastern part of the Mediterranean, dotting themselves about the coasts of the great sea, which seemed at one time as tho it were about to become a Greek lake; they established settlements, built cities, and spread abroad their culture to such an extent that Southern Italy became known as Greater Greece. These are the extraordinary people who have left such permanent impressions upon civilization as to make them easily the most interesting people of the ancient world.

Where was their original homeland before

they entered the Ægean territory? Neither their records nor subsequent researches give us any very definite knowledge. But there is no doubt that the various branches, into which the Greeks were separated, were all originally of one stock. When we turn to their records we discover that their myths and legends give us but slight assistance. Nevertheless, it is probable that there is some deposit of truth lying back of the myths and legends—tho it is impossible for us to recover much that is certain. The probability is that they came from Central Asia, while their earliest home might well have been northern Africa.

The early inhabitants of this favored land were the peacefully disposed Pelasgi. Their records tell of Oriental influences coming from Asia and Egypt, and bearing the cultures of these lands as fertilizing qualities for their own. If the existence of this Pelasgian race is to be accepted, it is more than likely that the early civilization of Greece known as Minoan, was chiefly of their production. Certainly, from all the records at our disposal, and by the discoveries of recent years, we are estopped from characterizing this early period as barbaric. Primitive it was, half agricultural, half nomad —ready under any greatly pressing necessity, whether social or economic, to migrate from one area to another; working the ox and the horse, and using the plow and the wagon; their wealth

consisted chiefly in swine, sheep and cattle. Fishermen were plying their trade in the Ægean; and their simple and patriarchal life spoke of peace and contentment. Each tribe had its own leader or king, who in council with the elders decided matters of importance. Their religious worship was without temples, being more or less of a primitive worship of the great forces of nature. As with the ancient Hebrews, so they had their sacrificial offerings to the gods—some of blood, and some of first-fruits of their fields and vines. Zeus, the bright god of the skies, with Dione—later Hera—the goddess of earth; Demeter, the earth mother, the Lady of Agriculture; Hestra, the god of the hearth and of the altar fires; Hermes, driver of clouds—guardian of the grazing herds—swift messenger of heaven; Poseidon, god of the waters, and Hades, god of the shades—the dark places of the underworld, these made up the hierarchy of their gods and goddesses.

We do not know how long it was that the Greeks lived amidst the primitive simplicities of this Pelasgian period. The probability is that the disturbing elements—the forces that began to ferment the genius of the Greeks—came from those masterful traders of the ancient world, the Phenicians. However that may be, in the next period—the Heroic Age—we come face to face with the four tribes into which Greece is divided—the Ionians, masters of the arts; great

in literature—in philosophy and science, with their famed city of Athens; the Dorians—conservative, militaristic, unimaginative, with their city of Sparta; and two others of less importance—the Acheans and the Æolians.

The peaceful and patriarchal times passed away to give place to internal dissension, stirring days filled with the clamors of destructive war. Fortresses were erected—the art of which the Phenicians taught them—to keep back the raiders by sea, and invading bands by land. Around the foot of the hill were the communities of the poor, nestling together like the villages in feudalistic times beneath the shadow of the manor-house or of the castle; while on or near the top of the hill was the "Acropolis"—the upper city where were the sanctuaries, the council chambers, the residence of the king, the homes of the nobles. Out of this period came the line of heroes and demigods from whom the later Greeks loved to claim descent while recounting the tales of mighty deeds accomplished by them. Chief among these hero tales are those describing the exploits of Heracles; the voyage of Theseus to Crete; the Argonautic expedition, with all its daring; as well as those thrilling stories of the Trojan War.

If the destruction of the city of Troy is placed somewhat before 1200 B.C., we find that a couple of generations later, political revolutions are taking place within Greece. The old is giving

place to the new, changing the aspect of Greece and also of her settlements along the coast of the Mediterranean. There seem, during this time, to have been waves of new peoples displacing the old ones. The weaker ones flee before the stronger—going out to establish new homes for themselves along the coasts of Asia Minor, and along the Black Sea. From the mountains come the warlike Thessalians, occupying the lands afterwards known as Thessaly. Fleeing before the Thessalians and the Boetians go the Dorians, who in turn conquer the Peloponnesus. One district only seems to have been left to the Pelasgi—the mountain district in the center of the Peloponnesus—the district of Arcadia. But the Dorians became the masters of the peninsula and made it their home. The Achæans, fleeing from the despoiling Dorians, themselves despoiled the Ionians and gave the name Achaia to the southern shore of the Corinthian Gulf. The Dorians also attempted to conquer Athens, but the city was saved—so runs the story—by the heroic sacrifice of Codrus its king. Those inhabitants of the land who surrendered to the Dorians were allowed to retain their possessions, but were forced to pay tribute and were deprived of any participation in the government; while those who had to be subdued by arms were made slaves—Helots; many, however, preferred to flee from their native land, and these estab-

lished colonies in Asia Minor on the shores of the sea they loved.

So, the picture we have of Hellas at this time is that of a mainland peopled by the stocks just mentioned, and of a large number of small communities or colonies well established along the shores of Asia Minor, in Italy and Sicily, and in various other places. Flight from stronger forces was not the only or even the chief reason for the colonizing activities of these Hellenes. Their insatiable curiosity—love of adventure—desire for trade—overpopulation—poverty of soil—political disturbances—all these play their part in this relatively wide dispersion of the Greeks. Scattered as these Greeks were, it must be remembered that they were one people in racial consciousness and in pride of cultural union. Most of the colonies prospered to such an extent that they became mothers of new colonies—the tide of immigration ebbing and flowing—until they numbered in 600 B.C. about two hundred and fifty.

Strange as it may seem, Greek history is, in its main interest to us, the history of two peoples of Greece—the Dorians and the Ionians—and of their city-states: Sparta of the former, and the immortal Athens of the latter, two moderate-sized towns, but destined to loom large in the story of the development of our civilization. Let us consider Sparta first. Tho of considerably less

importance than Athens, it first rose to prominence in the history of Greece.

The city-state of Sparta—an area of about one hundred miles square—was enclosed by mountains opening out southward through two narrow necks to the sea. Thus it was peculiarly self-contained, and finely protected from its enemies. It was formed out of the union of five villages, which found it to their mutual advantage to unite into a single city-state. The inhabitants were composed of three classes: (1) the Helots, (2) the Laconians, (3) the Spartans proper—the original conquerors.

The Helots—as previously stated—were the former inhabitants of the land who stubbornly refused to flee from the Spartans—unwilling to expatriate themselves—and were consequently reduced to slaves; hated and despised, forced to wear a special slave-costume as a token of their servitude. Whenever they showed signs of revolting, the Spartan young men exercised their prowess upon them as a sort of military exercise.

The Laconians were much more favorably treated. Composing in the main the populations of about one hundred towns, they made discretion the better part of valor, and subjected themselves to their conquerors. While they were given no political rights, nevertheless their lot was not too hard. For the landed property they were permitted to hold, they were given the privilege of paying rent or tribute to the state,

and no impediments were placed in the way of practising their trades or of developing their arts.

The Dorians, or the Spartans, forming but a small portion of the entire population, dwelt within their city-state, which was virtually nothing more nor less than an open camp. Within the limits of their territory was some of the most fertile land, worked by the Helots, while the Spartans devoted themselves solely to the affairs of their state, and to the arts of war.

Of the early history of Sparta we know practically nothing that may be relied upon. The Spartans' own story runs to the effect that their first king, dying, left two sons to rule their city-state. Such an unsatisfactory arrangement led to civil wars, bringing about its decline. About 850 B.C. a man arose with sufficient strength of character and organizing ability to lay the foundations of a state which was destined to last many centuries and attain much fame. Even tho the existence of this man, Lycurgus, has been disputed, there seems to be no good reason to discard as entirely worthless all the records concerning him.

Lycurgus, who established the new constitution and was Sparta's first great law-giver, was reputed to have been the uncle of one of these kings. Because of the prevailing disorders, he was given the kingship, which he held for the space of eight months. Resigning the position at

the close of this period, because of sinister designs against him, he set sail for Crete, Asia, and Egypt. While on his travels he became a close student of government, especially the government of Crete. Here he saw the people living frugally upon the simple necessities of life. In Egypt he is supposed to have expressed admiration for their system of separating the military from the civil men. Returning to his native state he immediately set about the task of establishing a constitution and a body of laws within which would be incorporated the best he had seen, with the elimination of the weaker and less desirable elements.

This new constitution was built upon the express intention of making the Spartan city-state a military state pure and simple. Its government rested solely in the hands of the Spartans themselves. Retaining a dual kingship, it divested the kings of much authority save in the time of war, when into their hands fell the direction of the army. But the most important of the new institutions was the Council, consisting of twenty-eight elders, elected by Spartans who had reached the age of thirty. This Council *checkmated* the kings whenever they were inclined to encroach upon the people's liberty; and on the other hand, stood with the kings when the people overstepped their bounds. Five ephors, or overseers, were appointed to maintain law and order. The power of these overseers grew so strong

that in time they even subjected the kings to their control.

As previously stated, the aim of the constitution was to produce a hardy, thrifty race of fighters, with almost a superhuman capacity for bearing pain without flinching, and of enduring hardships without complaint. To this end there was instituted the use of public tables, where all were to eat in common of the same meat, and of such provisions as were stipulated. There was to be no supplementing of this simple fare by surreptitiously eating at home.

Looking upon the education of the youth as the most important of the functions of the state, Lycurgus laid down minute regulations governing life before its inception, at birth, through youth to marriage. Due to the fact that the men were so much engaged in war or in preparation for it, and were so busy upon the affairs of the state, the women had a much freer time than in most of the other Greek city-states. But regulations also ordered their lives in order that they might become fit mothers of Spartan men. The young women had to exercise themselves in wrestling—in running—in throwing quoits and darts—so as to make them strong and vigorous. One is supposed to have remarked to the wife of Leonidas: "You of Lacedæmon are the only women in the world who rule the men." She replied: "We are the only women who bring forth men."

Whenever a child was born the father was compelled to take it before the ancient men for examination. Should the child stand the test, and prove its fitness to become a true Spartan, it was given back to the mother for rearing and education. But, should it be weakly or in any way deformed, it was ordered to be thrown into a deep cavern near Mount Taygetus. The babe that was strong and well-proportioned was given the utmost care and attention by its mother and nurse. The limbs of the babes were never swathed in tightly-bound clothes, but were given perfect freedom so that they could kick about as much as they pleased. Fancy baby diets were tabu. Babies were given all kinds of meats to practise their digestive organs on. There was no such thing as youngsters crying for a light, for they were accustomed to see no terrors in the dark. Any kind of ill-humor or unmanly, unspartan crying was cut short at once, so that there were no unnecessary bedroom parades in midnight hours.

At the age of seven the boys were taken from their homes, enrolled in companies, kept in order, and thoroughly disciplined, enjoying all their exercises and recreations in common. The most courageous among them was made captain, while the others bore as patiently as possible the punishments the young martinet imposed upon them. The older men took a keen interest in observing the growth of these youths into the full stature

of Spartan men. Being trained for war, their education along other lines was negligible. It was necessary for them to steal their food—or else go without. This, in order that they might early learn to forage for themselves, thus anticipating their needs as fighting soldiers in enemy lands.

Thus all through their lives they were subject to minute regulations, living laborious days; low living, but one cannot add high thinking. What issue came of all this as far as Sparta was concerned? For several centuries she seemed to have realized in a measure the objective set by the constitution and the laws of Lycurgus. But she nevertheless stands as an object lesson for all time of the fact that the imposition of a rigid, inflexible constitution, where liberty of opinion and of expression are suppressed, brings its own nemesis. Liberty was sacrificed on the altar of efficiency for war; consequently, while she existed for centuries she lived not at all. When the time came, as come it had to, when respect and allegiance to her constitution weakened, when the toughness of her moral fiber began to disintegrate, she rapidly passed to a hopeless decadence. As in many another case, everything was taken into consideration save the deep-lying instincts of human nature. As Rousseau said of Lycurgus, "His laws completely changed the nature of man to make of him a citizen." Not completely, but sufficiently to cripple whatever

possibilities of initiative might remain. There was its weakness—where it was thought its main strength resided. The citizens, regulated almost every moment of their lives, lost all power of initiative and became mere cogs in a machine doomed to be rendered useless by the progressive peoples that surrounded them. This mighty Sparta stands in the center of Greece—as viewed by history—as a dark, benighted, and barbaric state. To her honor let us tell of her valor in battle, her contempt for pain and suffering and death. But withal she has left to civilization the achievement of no artist—no man of letters—no genius of any kind—while her ruins have long since passed to the indistinguishable dust.

Very different is the story we have to tell of Athens. Athens was the chief city of Attica, comprising the southeast corner of Middle Greece, about sixty miles in length, and in its breadth at the widest point about twenty-four miles. The population of the country was of a mixed character: Pelasgi, Acheans, Æolians, but chiefly Ionians. On the death of Codrus, who sacrificed his life for his city, the Athenians claimed that no man henceforth was worthy to occupy the throne he had so gloriously vacated. So monarchy was closed, and in its place the office of Archon was established. In time ten Archons were elected from the nobility to serve for a period of ten years.

So much power, however, in the hands of a

few men presages no ultimate good to the common people. Demos, finding his voice in the discovery of his strength, demanded laws written down so that all men might read, trusting no longer to the convenient and accommodating memory of the Rememberer. The peremptory demand of the people was half-heartedly heeded by the nobles, and Draco, of their number, was commissioned to draw them up. Legend says they were written in blood. Peoples have ever since called all harsh and cruel laws Draconic. Naturally, the heady Athenians soon spoke their minds—and blood began to flow in earnest. Relief came when Solon—one of the wiser of the Athenians, himself a noble—drew up a code of laws more humane, democratic, and just. Large numbers of Athenians were hopelessly in debt; and the selling of the debtor to slavery as payment of debt was common. Henceforth no Athenian could be sold for debt; and many of the poorer people were freed of a portion of their burdens.

The Popular Assembly—in which was vested the chief governing authority—elected a council of four hundred, and also appointed the judges. Dividing the population into four classes, according to their wealth, Solon gave to the nobility the positions in the High Court—known as the Areopagus—as well as the office of Archon. Solon now made the Athenians take a solemn oath that ten years must elapse before

changes could be made in the constitution. In order to escape from the complaints and questions and quarrels of his fellow citizens, Solon thought it wise to take himself away for awhile, thus giving the constitution a chance to work itself out.

But during his absence the people of Athens grouped themselves about certain leaders, some of the nobles even going over to champion the cause of the poor. The dominance of the aristocratic nobles was upset by these time-serving demagogs; and pushing their advantage to the limit, they became sole rulers. These men the Greek called *Tyrants,* tho the word did not necessarily bear the meaning that we attach to it to-day, for some of the tyrants were benevolent and humane. One of the most famous of all such benevolent tyrants was Pisistratus—courteous, fair-spoken, benevolent towards the poor, fair to his enemies. Another famous tyrant was Cleisthenes, the champion of the democratic party, who revised the laws of Solon, making them less aristocratic and the constitution more conformable to the wishes of his party. He also introduced the remarkable innovation of ostracism. By this means any citizen could be banished for ten years without trial, defense, or any special accusation against him. More often than not a citizen considered ostracism more of a compliment than otherwise, for it indicated that he was considered, by reason of his power and prestige,

dangerous to the well-being of the state. The citizens wrote the name of the man whom they desired to see banished, upon a shell or potsherd, and placed it in a receptacle at the voting place. He was given ten days to make all his plans and to arrange his affairs—then exile for the good of his state and the preservation of democratic institutions.

The wars against Persia mark one of the great periods in Greek history. As we have previously stated, the Greeks in their mastery of the art of seamanship had spread themselves about the coasts of Asia Minor, establishing settlements wherever they deemed it desirable. The development and extension of these colonies had aroused the fear and animosity of the great inland power to such an extent that Persia deemed it prudent to subject to her rule these turbulent and indomitable Greeks. So Darius ordered one of his generals to cross the Hellespont into Greece itself to subdue the entire country. Here was the meeting in battle array of East and West. Which was going to win? To the everlasting glory of the Greeks be it said, that tho their country was divided up into small city-states, each with its own intense individualism and equally intense jealousy of the others, yet they temporarily laid aside their differences and fought enthusiastically side by side in behalf of their political independence. Was Oriental despotism going to be the instrument to stamp

out western culture at its birth? The answer is to be found in the repulse of these Orientals at Marathon by the valiant Athenians—an event of such major importance as to give it a place as one of the great decisive battles of the world. No wonder the Greeks were never tired of celebrating it!

Time would fail to tell the story of Thermopylæ, of Salamis, of Platæa, of Mycale, which all added to the glory of Greece, and saved for posterity the achievements of its unmatched culture. On sea—which the Persians had a most childish dread of—the same story was told. In order that the ardor of Darius might know no slackening, a slave had daily to call out in stentorian tones the reminder of his oath of destruction of these upstart Greeks: "Master, remember the Athenians."

But, no sooner was the Persian danger removed than we have a return to the characteristic turmoils of Athenian political life. These, however, are silenced, and unity again prevails as the news is flashed that Xerxes, son of Darius, is moving with a vast army across the Hellespont. But it was on the lap of the gods that the West was to conquer the East, and that love of freedom was to prove more mighty than the forces of despotism.

The years pass by, and in their passing we note that the leadership of Greek forces imperceptibly passes from the unimaginative Spartans

into the hands of the dynamic Athenians. Athens flourishes apace, both from the standpoint of her wealth and power in material things, and more particularly from the standpoint of her wealth in things created of the spirit.

Never again was Greece to rise to such dizzy heights as during the period so fittingly called the Age of Pericles. This remarkable man gave early indications of a mind formed for great things. Well born, with ample fortune, he had devoted himself with energy to intellectual pursuits—not for personal pleasure, but as equipment for statesmanship. From the time when he first appeared in the Assembly he ever sought to court the favor of the multitude, but sought no less by his demeanor, and unremitting attention to the business of the state, to command its respect. The wars that followed his assumption to office found him directing his energies to raising Athens to the position of chief state in Greece. He gave the direction of the army to Cimon, his great rival, whom he recalled from exile in order to lead an expedition against Persia.

Sparta, morosely nursing its jealousy against the rising power of Athens, found occasion to vent its spleen against the Athenians, and in a series of battles won a signal victory at Coronea. Pericles hastened to conclude a peace treaty in which two hegemonies were to be recognized—one under Sparta and the other under Athens.

Athens became the mistress of the seas—but Sparta master of the land.

In this Periclean Age we find the power and splendor of Athens at its zenith. Wherever genius and talent could be found, a welcome awaited it at Athens. The citizens, in their justifiable pride, found in education and intellectual enlightenment the means not only of distinguishing themselves, but of adding their quota to the glory of their city. To such a high state had this been developed that Pericles found it safe to allow numbers of the great offices of the state to be filled by lot cast by the people. The architectural magnificence of the city, when we recall the Parthenon, the Propylæa, and other famous buildings and magnificent temples, immediately comes to mind. So it is not to be wondered at that Gladstone should have replied to the question, "At what period of the world's history would you prefer to have lived, Mr. Gladstone?" —after a moment's hesitation—"The Age of Pericles."

Unfortunately, the pomp and circumstance of yesterday—the great achievements of the relatively peaceful age of Pericles—the amazing productions of the most cultured people of the ancient world—are all cast in the shadows of a deep sadness when one passes into a day in which internal dissensions and interstate jealousies mark decay. Greece is about to commit suicide,

and the pathos is heightened by the fact that she was unconscious of it.

The Peace of Pericles could not last, as he knew full well when he concluded it. Not that the differences between Sparta and Athens were incapable of a wise adjustment, but solely because the undisciplined temperaments of the peoples themselves would not admit of it. Persia, standing in the background, lending its might to this side and that, as best served its dark design, bided its time for the overthrow of its enemy. At the same time the Greek cities attached themselves to their respective champions in accord with their private desires.

The story of the long-drawn-out Peloponnesian wars—of the plague—of the death of Pericles—of the disastrous expedition of the brilliant but unscrupulous Alcibiades into Sicily—is punctuated by splendid victories, by examples of great valor, but also by great miseries and much humiliation. When the news came of the terrible defeat at Syracuse, the whole republic was thrown into the deeps of consternation and despair. Throughout the city—along the walls leading to the Piræus—could be heard wild cries of woe and fury as the populace railed against the orators, the divines, and the politicians. Thenceforward the barometer rises and falls; successes and failures go on until the fall of Athens. When surrounded by land and sea, she is forced to surrender. With the surrender of

the navy goes also the control of the seas. But twelve vessels are left to her. Then, as tho her humiliation were not complete, she must recognize the hegemony of her ancient rival, and enter the Spartan confederacy.

So passed the greatness and the glory of Athens. Lysander abolished the Athenian constitution, and set up in its place a government by thirty aristocrats—known as the rule of the Thirty Tyrants.

Lycurgus, the founder of the Spartan constitution, sought to make each part of the life of Sparta a well-regulated portion of the life of the whole. But human nature revolted, and ere long we see deviations from the laws pertaining to property and to the simplicity of life. Power accumulated in the hands of a few rich families, the controllers of the destinies both of Sparta and of its dependencies. And in consequence thereof those Greek city-states which had rejoiced in the act of throwing off the Athenian yoke now realized that they had exchanged staves for scorpions. In Athens the rule of the tyrants, stained with blood, stirred up the spirit of the Athenians, and under the leadership of Thebes the tyrants were defeated. Democratic government was installed, but the democratic spirit of justice and fair play, of honesty and integrity, seemed to have passed. In such an atmosphere it was easy to convict Socrates of crimes he never committed, skeptic tho he was.

Condemned to drink the cup of hemlock, he yet remained in spirit to chasten men's memories and to inspire two such great minds as Plato and Aristotle.

The great power of Persia was in the meantime gradually disintegrating through inherent weakness and corruption. She had stood on the side of Sparta against Athens, and in return for the assistance rendered, the Spartans rallied to the cause of Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who sought to gain the Persian throne from the hands of his brother Artaxerxes. But in the battle on the plain of Cunaxa Cyrus lost his life, and in consequence, the Asiatics passed over to the side of Artaxerxes. The Greeks were forced to retreat, and to endure so much hardship that the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, as written in the *Anabasis* by their leader Xenophon, is one of the most thrilling stories coming to us from ancient times. But the matter could not rest there—Persia must be avenged against Sparta. So Tissaphernes, the Persian leader, demanded that the terms of a former treaty entered into between Sparta and Persia should be met—the Ionian cities must be surrendered to her. But the Ionian cities also had something to say in the matter; so, with assistance from Sparta, a war ensued. Seizing the opportunity, Athens and Thebes, together with Corinth and Argos, found it to their advantage to throw off the yoke of Sparta. Assisted by Persian money, and

moved by an indomitable spirit, the allies won on sea and crushed Sparta's power on land. Athens was rebuilt—this time by Persian gold—and for a time it seemed as tho she were to move out of the shadows into the light of her brilliant past. But it was not to be; the Athenian Empire was a thing of the past. The fortunes of the Greeks ran this way and that, until the genius of the Theban leader Epaminondas made possible the rise of the Theban hegemony. Thebes began to dream dreams and to see visions of future glories on sea and land. Democracy was everywhere to be the master of aristocracy, and a light that never was on sea or land should radiate from Thebes. Unfortunately for these dreams, the great Theban leader was mortally wounded in battle; and with his passing there passed also the hegemony of Thebes, and the supremacy of this city-state. Henceforth exhausted Greece fell apart into numbers of small states, without union, and entirely dependent upon the initiative of brilliant but isolated leaders, so that she presented herself as fair prey to any foreign invader. The invader was soon to come, but the story of his coming belongs with the story of the rise of Macedonia.

It is an impossible task to gather together into a comprehensive statement the legacies left to civilization by this most brilliant people. We found civilization before the coming of the Greeks typically Eastern; with them it becomes

definitely Western. Its genius was so manifold, virile, profuse, human, intimate, that we find no difficulty in appropriating it and calling it our own. Its confident intellectual explorations through all the realms of human curiosity are as fearless as a child wandering through rooms in a darkness it has never learned to fear. In fact, they seem to have been the only people in the past, and perhaps in all time, who were perfectly at home in the world. All lovers of beauty treasure their imperishable art; those who seek freedom, who think in terms of democracy and humanity, drink from those ancient well-springs. Their intellectual and artistic achievements reveal to us the Olympian heights of human possibilities. Did Nature extend herself in a too-generous distribution among these people, or did she wish to intimate to us that what she gave once to them she can give again to others?

We have great love and veneration for the Athenian because of his culture, his love of freedom and of the beautiful, his artistic instincts and artistic achievements. Athens, the Peter Pan of peoples, always a child, refusing to grow up! We can love even its weaknesses and faults.

V

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND THE HELLENISTIC EMPIRE

We have said that the only unity the Greeks ever had was that of race and culture. Political unions lasted only as long as dangers threatened the independence of their city-states; and these were not so much political as military. This deliberate refusal of the Greeks to build up a strong unified nation was one of the causes of their downfall. What they failed to do, however, was accomplished for them by the rising power of Macedonia under the leadership of Philip, and his more brilliant son, Alexander.

The Hellenes had never looked upon the half-barbaric peoples of Macedonia as entitled to the name of Greek. When they could no longer hold out against the power of Philip, they perforce granted him and his people official recognition. This was convenient and tactful; for when the day of Philip's subjugation of Greece came about they looked upon it, not as a conquest by a foreign power, but simply as the establishment of another Greek hegemony under the leadership of Macedonia. Now, Macedonia had never had any considerable part in Greek affairs or in Greek culture. Her nobles and her kings had long since endeavored to engraft the culture,

habits, and customs of the Greeks upon their rude stock, but without much success. Macedonia was invited to take part in the Olympic games, but we have no record of any great Macedonian victories there.

The rise of Macedonia was due to Philip, a lover of all things Greek, a great soldier, and a worthy man. His heart was greatly stirred within him as he looked on the prostrate condition of the Greek city-states, on their dissensions and jealousies, and on Persia, to whom he credited much of the miseries of Hellas. Why should not Macedonia assume the leadership, and he, as king, win the right to lead a victorious army against the hated Persians? He had spent a few years as a hostage of Thebes, during which he became a willing and brilliant student of Epaminondas, the great Theban general. On his return to his native land he immediately set about the task he had assigned himself—to educate, discipline, and lead a Macedonian army to a supreme position in Greece, and to bring about the total discomfiture of Persia's empire. Within Macedonia he proved his organizing and soldierly qualities by rescuing the land from invaders, kept the throne out of the hands of false claimants, and stamped out intrigues and conspiracies in high places. The people rallied to his support, and recognized in him the fit ruler of their lands.

The Athenians, however, did not look upon

Philip as the morning star of a fresh reformation in Greek affairs; rather did they look on him as an ominous cloud looming out of the northern darkness, which if not immediately dissipated would engulf them in fresh humiliation and deeper miseries. Accordingly, the Athenians formed defensive and offensive alliances with other city-states against this northern menace, and aimed to crush the new power in its cradle. But Philip, moving with characteristic swiftness to the frontiers, brought the barbarian allies of Athens to terms, and reduced them, ere they were ready to strike, to a condition of subjection. Nothing would have suited Philip better than to gain his supremacy over Greece by peaceful, diplomatic means. One stumbling-block stood in his way—the fiery, impassioned, closely-knit eloquence of Demosthenes, the self-constituted champion of Athenian democracy and of Athenian freedom. So, if the place of arbitration is to be the battlefield and not the conference-room, Philip is ready, tho reluctant to strike his fellow Greeks. On the field at Chæronea Philip showed that the sword could speak more eloquently, when occasion required, than pen or tongue.

When all this had been satisfactorily accomplished, Philip moved forward to engage in a war infinitely more to his liking, and for which he had planned and dreamed—that against Persia. But it was not to be; at least, he was not to

be the leader, for the treacherous hand of an assassin struck him down at the moment when his preparations were complete and his army ready.

It has been said of Philip that "His character was to be without character in disposition and action; his principles, to have no principles and everywhere to dissemble his aims; his habits, to accustom him to nothing, but solely to follow the inspirations of the moment; his strength, to remain master of himself in every condition and proceeding, and, in a thousand other causes and consequences of weakness, to follow his chief plan unchanged and to lead everything around him, whilst to the short-sighted he appeared to be led by all." "Philip," says another, "accomplished the greatest deeds of all the Macedonian kings who reigned before and after him, and also broke more oaths and violated more covenants." However that may be—and we must remember that most of what we know of Philip has come from the unfriendly lips of Athenians—Philip found Macedonia a semi-barbaric country, and at his death Macedonian supremacy was a recognized fact. It would be interesting to speculate upon what might have happened in Greek affairs had the stormy eloquence of Demosthenes found answer in a Greek army led by the genius of Epaminondas. Would the new order of battle, the phalanx, invented by Philip, have then succeeded? Who knows?

With the death of Philip, Alexander, the son of Philip and Olympias, ascends the throne. Of all the famous conquerors of history no one of them has appealed more widely to the imagination of men than the youthful Alexander. For sheer dramatic power, who is it that can match him? The gods had been lavish to him in their gifts, and the exercise of them caught the wondering admiration of his time. At his birth his father, Philip, wrote to Aristotle:

> Philip to Aristotle wishes Health.
>
> I am to acquaint you, that a son is born to me, nor do I thank the gods so much for his birth, as for his being born in your time. I hope that when he shall have been educated and instructed by you, he shall be worthy of us, and fit to succeed to so great a kingdom. For I think it much better to be without children, than to beget them for a punishment and educate them to the shame and dishonor of their ancestors.

This great teacher, Aristotle, brought to young Alexander the best fruits of the culture of the Greeks, while his father instructed him in all the arts of warfare and fine generalship. The disciple was eminently worthy of his teachers, and proved himself a true Greek in his amazing powers of assimilation. Brave, generous, and every inch a king—notwithstanding his passionate outbursts and his occasional spasms of cruelty—he was to carry forward his

father's designs probably beyond the wildest dreams the latter ever entertained.

When Alexander assumed the mantle of his father, some of the Greeks thought it a fitting opportunity to break away from their Macedonian leaders, and Demosthenes even went to the extent of treating with the Persians, accepting their gold to aid the revolt. But they did not know their Alexander, youth tho he was. With the swiftness of an eagle, he turned about, and before preparations for revolt could go forward very far, he arrived at Thebes and awed the rebels into submission. Athens deemed it prudent to follow suit. An amusing touch of irony is seen in the fact that Demosthenes was sent as a member of the embassy to meet Alexander and to convey to him their apologies; tho after he had traveled some distance he decided to turn back, fearing possibly an impairment in his health should he proceed.

Greece and Macedonia engaged the active attention of Alexander for the next two years, owing to the insubordination of some tribes and the machinations of his enemies. Choosing Thebes as a special example, he completely razed the city, sparing only the temple and the home of the poet Pindar. So Thebes is a memory, and her streets are become heaps of desolation; she has gone where Sparta is to follow.

Having made Thebes a terrible example of his

vengeance, a witness of what might come to other recalcitrant cities, Alexander had the satisfaction of seeing all the Greeks now come forward humbly to extend their apologies, to recant their vows made in ignorance, and to submit their destinies to his hands.

All this made it possible for Alexander to turn his attention once more to the East, to begin his victorious expeditions against the Persians. Once again West meets East and the die is cast. But now 'tis the West that moves towards the East with confidence in every step, and with assurance in every heart. Time has dealt unkindly with Persia, for she is aged and tottering, and her pride in her past avails her nothing when the mighty fighting machine of the Macedonia army goes crashing on from victory to victory. Her empire crumbles to dust, and upon the dust these valiant Greeks plant their banners. At Gordium, the capital city of Phrygia, was a royal chariot reported to have belonged to King Midas. The oracle had declared that whoever should unfasten the peculiarly twisted knot about the chariot, should become master of all Asia. It was left to Alexander to solve the problem of the Gordian knot by cutting it with his sword. This conquest in Syria brought him vast quantities of the spoils of war left by the hurrying Persians. So rapid was the flight of Darius that he was forced to leave behind his mother, wife, and children. These, however, were treated

by Alexander with the greatest respect and consideration. Tyre and all Phenicia fell to his hands, then Syria and Egypt.

Alexander's reception in Egypt was more of a hearty welcome than anything else; for the Egyptians had wasted no love on the Persians, and they were only too glad to welcome one who would prove to be a more generous master. This possession of Egypt is forever memorable, if for no other reason than that of the establishing of the city of Alexandria, destined to play a great part in the history of civilization.

Ancient Greek legends, dear to the hearts of the Greeks and probably to Alexander, told of the marvelous adventure of Hercules and Perseus. These two had gone out into the heart of the Libyan desert in order to consult the oracle of Ammon. Perhaps in this fact, among other reasons, may be found the secret of the march of Alexander and his army into the Libyan desert in order to consult that famous oracle. At any rate, when he arrived he was conducted within the sacred temple, where the questions he put to the chief priest were answered to his satisfaction. What those questions were, Alexander would not disclose; but the probability is that he gathered the gratifying information that he was a son of Jupiter, with no reflections cast upon his mother. From this Libyan experience some would mark the beginning of that strange obsession of his, which seemed to develop as the

years passed, to orientalize himself as much as possible in dress, in habits, and in his acceptance of the worship of his person by Orientals whom he must have secretly despised. Was it all a part of the play? We know that he tried all means at his disposal to win the conquered over to his confidence, trust, and loyal obedience. Perhaps the army misunderstood the intent of their king when they openly protested against his wearing the Median dress, his affectation of Persian court functions, and his acceptance of adulation due only to a god, from the millions of Asia. Answers to all such questions are listed according to the likes and dislikes of the person of Alexander himself.

But success in arms was as a fever in his blood. His feet itched to be on the march again, for his love of conquest knew no bounds. The Persian Empire being now firmly in his hand, he pushed on to possess its eastern provinces—Bactria, Logdiana, etc. He set up a new Alexandria on the river Jaxartes. In Logdiana he took as prisoner the Bactrian princess Roxana, and forthwith bound her in the bonds of matrimony. There also, in a fit of ungovernable wrath, he murdered his friend Clitus; who, exercising the privileges of friendship, had contradicted him. This friend had saved Alexander's life by cutting off the sword arm of one who was in the act of striking him from behind. An extenuating cause of this vile deed of Alexander may be

found in the fact that he had dined all too well, and that both men were in the early stages of intoxication. Let us add that no sooner was the bleeding body of his friend lying before him, with the horror-stricken eyes of the company upon him, than he rushed out of the hall, retired to bed, and there passed three days in agony, not caring for food or drink, denouncing himself as unworthy to live after perpetrating such a foul murder. His friends finally prevailed on him to take food, and to seek an anodyne for his grief in new activities.

The conquest of Bactria being complete, Alexander turned his attention to the last remaining province of the Persian Empire, India. In spite of the grumblings of his Macedonian troops, he led his conquering army through the Punjab, and would have proceeded all the way down to the Ganges, but his soldiers would have none of it. Even their horses' hoofs were worn away by their continual marches, and to what purpose? Were they ever going to return to their homes in distant Macedonia? The possibility is that they might have kept going if they had been satisfied as to its necessity, or if there had appeared to be some final issue to the campaigns. Silent murmurings found voice in significant mutterings. Home sounded sweet in their ears; and the sound crystallized to a firm determination not to proceed one step further through this dismal land of India, the very rim of the

world. For three days this insatiable Alexander remained in his tent waiting for his men to change their minds; but the stillness brooding over the camp—a stillness that might presage a storm—told him that yielding must come from his tent, not from theirs.

On his way back Alexander founded several cities to tie together his conquests, and to become radiating centers of Greek culture. Going through the uncharted deserts of Beluchistan, his army endured indescribable hardships, a large number of the men perishing by reason of excessive heat and tormenting thirst. In order to encourage and set an example before his men, Alexander, ready to drop from the heat, and parched with thirst, marched at the head of his distressed army, enduring all that they endured, and second to none in the exhibition of courage and endurance. A pretty story is told of him, similar in some respects to the story told of David in the Old Testament. It was the custom to send out parties to seek for water, and these returned more often than not without discovering any. One day, some soldiers in their search for water found a small, muddy pool, almost dry. Dipping a shield into the little pool, they presented the water to their valiant king as a rare and costly gift. Thanking those who brought it, he poured it immediately upon the ground before the eyes of the entire army. This noble example of kingly willingness to endure the

common lot, so moved his men, that his very self-denial seemed to refresh them as tho each had dipped his cup into a well.

Passing through these exhausting experiences, the remnant of the army at last came to a more fruitful land, thence to Carmania. Aspastes had been given the rule over this territory, but as he was suspected of intrigues against Alexander it was necessary that the king should take the government into his own hands. During the long absence of Alexander, there had been a widespread increase of crimes and violence: pillaging the public funds, violating the sanctity of temples, lust and avarice had become the order of the day; in short, the rule of the satraps had been restored. Alexander immediately set about the task of punishing the faithless governors who had restored despotic and cruel government on the assumption that their king would never return from the wilds of India. Here also he burdened his old veterans with rich gifts, and sent them to their Macedonian homes to end their days in peace and comfort.

Selecting Babylon as his capital, he set out on the colossal task of ruling his mighty empire, which stretched from the Ionian Sea to far-away India. With the vision of a statesman and the energy of a conqueror, he set about the task of welding East and West into one great empire.

An early story in the Old Testament tells of the confusion of tongues, the dispersion of the

peoples, that occurred when they set about the erection of a high tower that should reach to heaven—the tower of Babel. It was here at Babylon—whose name means "Confusion"—that Alexander set about his ambitious task of bringing the confusion of tongues and the clash of interests to an end by making one nation out of many peoples. To this end he set an example by marrying the eldest daughter of Darius and the youngest daughter of Artaxerxes Ochus. Ten thousand of his men are supposed to have followed his example; tho many of them felt that the comforts of a retired life, in their homes in Macedonia, would be disturbed if they brought their Eastern wives and children back with them.

While these projects were going forward, they were nevertheless but minor parts of a larger plan. Arabia must be added as a jewel to Alexander's crown; and distant, thriving Phenician Carthage, on the North African shore of the Mediterranean, must perforce give up its isolation and take its place within this Empire. Man proposes, but oftentimes another power over which he has no control disposes. Alexander's life at thirty-three had had more packed into it than ordinarily falls to the lot of the most adventurous life privileged to live its normal span of three-score years and ten. The rigors of his never-ceasing expeditions, the cares and responsibilities of office, the too-frequent celebrations

at the shrine of Bacchus, all contributed their quota to a weakening of his natural powers of resistance when fever gripped him. On the eleventh day of June, 323 B.C., while not yet thirty-three years of age, he passed away. A few days before he died some of his friends asked him, to whom did he wish to leave the Empire? He replied, "To the worthiest."

As in the case of most other great men, there is a wide diversity of opinion respecting the qualities and achievements of Alexander. One distinguished writer says: "So ended he whom they call Alexander the Great. Let the name stand; but he owed his greatness not to his personal qualities, to his own efforts or to his genius, but, as Plutarch admitted, to Fortune." Yes; but who is Fortune? And why should she have been the Lady Bountiful to this particular youth? Another says that "his soul was built on a scale that surpassed human measure." So it goes, and you may take your choice. This, however, we can say: he was the first European successfully to lead the West against the East, and to subject the East to his will. By this he broke down barriers which perhaps never since have been completely reerected. While his empire disintegrated at his death, and while he never saw the realization of what may be accepted as impossible dreams of Western and Eastern fusion, nevertheless, a man should not be entirely judged by his actual achievements, for by such a test some

of the greatest idealists in the world must be counted out. Alexander carried with him the seeds of Greek culture, and sowed these seeds wherever he found appropriate ground. The influences of his policy were all directed, politically speaking, away from the Greek conception of a small city-state to an empire infinitely better suited to advance the cause of civilization. Even his tutor, Aristotle, never stepped outside of the vision of a small city-state as the largest conceivable political unit within which the rights of democracy, and the privileges of culture, could best be served. But such a conception was antiquated; its evils were plainly evidenced in Greece itself. So, while Alexander left no great institution resting on a sound foundation, no firmly-knit organization capable of functioning under changing conditions, no abiding form of government fit for an empire, yet his death marks a definite point in the transition stages of the civilizing process. It is a fascinating conjecture as to what civilization and the world would have looked like had this brilliant soldier and statesman been privileged to live out his life to a round old age.

The Successors of Alexander

Alexander left no heir to take his place. He had a number of men about him who felt loyalty to the king, but they would bend to no other, for each thought himself capable of wear-

ing the purple. These men began to quarrel among themselves, as Alexander knew they would, before his body was cold. Not only so, but the royal family of Macedonia was wiped out to the last person. Twenty years of strife after the death of Alexander broke the empire into three parts. Macedonia, including Greece, went to Antigonidæ; the Asiatic kingdom passed to the Seleucidæ, while Egypt passed to the Ptolemies.

The Greeks could never bring themselves meekly to accept the Macedonian yoke about their necks. Time after time, even during Alexander's rule, they strove to free themselves, but could never quite accomplish it; and after his passing it was difficult for them to realize that the great powers of the Macedonians were far superior to anything they could muster. City-states they always remained; but independence was impossible, if only because their poverty made the financing of mercenary armies a burden beyond their capacity to bear. After the Lamian war (323-322) Athens was compelled to submit, and the indomitable Demosthenes was forced to flee the city. But the hands of Antipater—through his exile-hunters—were stretched out to take him. They found him in the temple at Calaurea, where he preferred death in the form of poison, self-administered, than to fall into the hands of his torturing enemies.

A few years later the Athenians raised a statue to his memory bearing the following inscription:

> HAD BUT THE STRENGTH OF THY ARM, DEMOSTHENES, EQUALED THY SPIRIT, NEVER WOULD GREECE HAVE SUNK UNDER THE FOREIGNER'S YOKE.

A new power was slowly rising in the West; and, taking advantage of the dissension within Greece, the legions of Rome took possession of the country and made it a Roman Province. Macedonia was compelled also to submit in 148 B.C.

When the empire of Alexander was finally divided into three parts, twenty or so years after his death, the largest part fell to Seleucus, one of Alexander's generals. Making Babylon his first capital, he restored again the prestige of Macedonian arms over most of the Asiatic territory comprised within the empire. Some time later, after the erection of the famed city of Antioch, a city which matched the glory of Alexandria, he selected it for his capital. Other nations, however, were rising to power, particularly the Parthians. So that before many years had passed by, the Seleucid empire began slowly to disintegrate, but not before it had served a most useful purpose in disseminating Greek culture and civilization. The rapid development of Rome as the great western power made it impossible for the Seleucidæ to play any very important part in world history. In 63 B.C. Rome added

the territory to its own, thus bringing to a close the Seleucid dynasty, which had ruled from about 312 B.C to 63 B.C.

From many standpoints Ptolemy received the choice portion when Alexander's pie was divided. He made a wise choice in selecting Egypt, for he and his descendants were to rule over Egypt for no less than three centuries. A great general of wide and deep culture, a wise ruler, a credible historian, he proved himself capable of administering the affairs of his kingdom, and of developing and spreading the productive genius of the Greeks. In the beautiful city of Alexandria he established the famous library—extended and enriched by his descendants—which was to house the most famous collection of books that had ever been brought together in one place. It contained no less than 700,000 manuscripts. Connected with the library was a college of research, to which were invited the most famous scholars of the time. Alexandria became the new Athens of Greek life, from which flowed a steady stream of cultural influences in literature, philosophy, and science. It was not only a great Greek city, but also the greatest Hebrew city in the world. Here were translated, from the Hebrew to the Greek, the Scriptures of the Old Testament known as the Septuagint. Within this garden city of the ancient world, with its beautiful government buildings, broad streets, and fine parks, East and

West mingled in trade and commerce, giving and receiving their cultural contributions. The lighthouse of Pharos, guiding the sailors into the harbor, was a beacon of welcome to all who came to Alexandria to gaze upon its wonders, partake of its culture, or trade with its merchants.

Once again has Egypt become the home of culture, but this time it is not indigenous. East has mingled with West and West with East, so that we call the culture of this period—from the death of Alexander in 323 B.C to the final overthrow of Greece, the destruction of Corinth, and the ascendency of Roman power about 146 B.C.—the period of Hellenistic culture. Hellenism is pure Greek, but in Hellenistic culture we have Greek mixed with Orientalism. During this time we note a steady advance, not so much in the arts of warfare, as in the arts of peace. Homes are more comfortable, streets are wider, and the sanitary arrangements within the homes and throughout the cities are greatly in advance of those known in the finest period of Athenian history. In wild Macedonia, with its vulgar barbarism, as the Athenians thought, cities are rising, and the homes have conveniences such as baths and the like. Life was in many respects more humanized; and we of this day would have been infinitely more at home in it than we would have been in the Greek period. Many of the conveniences, discoveries, and inventions we mod-

erns think so much of, as administering to our physical comforts, were due in no small measure to the example set by the citizens of Alexandria. The Ptolemies in their entire line, particularly under Ptolemy II and Ptolemy III, raised Alexandria and Egypt to the very summit of fame, both political and cultural. The last ruler of this dynasty was the famous Cleopatra, beautiful as Helen of Troy, and past mistress in all the arts of feminine conquest, as Julius Cæsar was to realize when he succumbed to the rare charms of this girl, not yet out of her teens; for her radiant smile melted and enthralled his Roman heart.

VI

INDIA AND CHINA

When Alexander desired to become master of all Asia he must needs enter India to subject that great land to his will. His army succeeded in conquering the Punjab (the land of the five rivers), but beyond this his troops refused to move, and reluctantly Alexander returned to Persia. We doubt very much whether this visitation of Alexander had much influence upon India. Later on, Greek influences in astronomy, architecture, and sculpture did profoundly affect India. India, however, was destined to arouse an increasingly deeper interest in Europe. The Phenicians long since had contact with India for trading purposes, and Assyrian forces are supposed to have extended a partial conquest over it. India, however, still remained a land of mystery, for none of her early traders ever seem to have been anxious enough to go beyond her boundaries to trade, and none of her people migrated of their own accord. Trade relations of a sort had been going on with China for many years, making India a sort of middleman for Chinese silks, etc., between Europe and China. Unlike China, the roads of communication with the western world were never com-

pletely closed, even if they were never traveled on very much.

Quite apart from any other consideration, we are greatly interested in the history, life, and customs of India, because hers is the history of a great branch of the Aryan race. When we dig deep into it, we may bring up a lot of useless matter, as far as our main interest is concerned, but we also find a great deal that throws light upon the history of our common ancestors before they began that great trek which split up the family, taking some portions to Persia, some to the Ægean, and some to the West.

It is true of every civilization that its form and character are due in no small measure to the nature of the country that produces it. The climate and geography of the land set their indelible impress on all that is produced there. The main features of India's geography may be sketched in a few words. First of all, we have that mighty barrier, the Himalayas, the highest mountain range on earth, extending 1,750 miles from west to east, which by its height and protection makes possible the peculiar character of India's life and nature. Through the passes of this high range invaders from time to time entered the country on their conquering expeditions only to find in a few generations that the climate had completely conquered them. Through these passes, especially the Khaibar Pass, our ancient Aryan ancestors made their way, and

along the same roads have also passed Turks and various Mongolian peoples.

The triangle known as the Deccan is a broad tableland in the south. Then we have the river valleys of the Indus and the Ganges—great, fertile plains on the north and east of the country. As in Egypt, Babylonia, and China, so here we find cities with large populations, and farming areas of splendid fertility. The climate in these two valleys is sultry and enervating. The heat and moisture, together with the habits of the people, make the air foul with pestilential vapors, and these exact their toll.

A word must be said about the Vale of Kashmir. This beautiful mountain valley, bordered by snowfields, is, according to Indian tradition, the original site of the Garden of Eden, earth's paradise. The exceeding fertility of its soil, its glorious climate, the surpassing beauty of its mountain scenery, easily place it in the category of earth's choicest spots. Secluded, shut off from the world in a space all its own, having a width of from ten to forty miles and a length of sixty, situated 6,000 feet above sea level, with beautiful lakes, brilliant vegetation, and gigantic trees; in the daytime bathed in golden sunshine, and at night reflecting the shadows of the hills or serenely beautiful in the silver light of the moon —no wonder the poets love it as a theme!

Such a land as India was bound to attract peoples from other less favored areas, where the

struggle for existence allowed of no sluggards. So we find that in prehistoric times various peoples moved over into India to fight for some portion of its soil. The original inhabitants were forced to move up into the mountains, where some of their descendants still live, more or less in their original, simple condition. Some of these prehistoric inhabitants of India, even at the dawn of history, had advanced far enough to practise a crude agriculture and to build walled cities.

At some time or other before 2000 B.C. our Aryan ancestors moved through the Khaibar Pass down to the rich river valleys, and occupied territories along the Indus, and, later on, the plains on the Ganges. This was not done without many bitter struggles, notwithstanding the enervated condition of the peoples living there, as may be gathered from India's epics and legends. These legends and poems were collected by the ancient Brahman priests some time before 1400 B.C., and were called the Vedas. It is from the Vedas that we are able to gather so much information concerning the habits and customs of the Indian branch of the Aryan family, as well as some intimations concerning their life before they moved from their earliest recorded homeland in western Asia or possibly in Europe. These monuments of Indo-Aryan literature, while in many incidents presupposing historical knowledge not now in our posses-

sion, nevertheless give us a fine picture of early conditions in India as these Aryans found them. We know, for instance, that while the primitive inhabitants of India naturally lived on a low social scale, some of them were, as stated, advanced in civilization far enough to have walled cities, great herds, furniture, metal ornaments, etc., all of which, to the simple cattle-breeding Aryans, offered particularly desirable spoils.

In the oldest of these poems of the Aryans, the Rig-Veda, put together probably, like the Iliad of Homer, by various hands and at various times, we see not only the simplicity of early Aryan life, but also its higher stages of culture, with a complex development of religious life and practise. These, together with the many monuments remaining, are our only sources of information that is at all reliable, concerning early Aryan life there. The Rig-Veda has been aptly described as "the Bible of the Aryans of northwest India."

One of the most extraordinary features of Indian life is its caste system. This system is practised to no such extent by any other people, and is nowhere so deeply entrenched as in India. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that caste, in the fullest meaning of the term, is purely Indian. How did such a system arise? No certain knowledge can be advanced to supply an entirely satisfactory answer, but it is significant that its development and complexity advance

with the rise of the Brahmanic class. Its root idea is born in the early emphasis upon purity of stock, and so upon purity of descent. When the Aryans landed in India they were faced with the problem, not of subsistence, which was assured by the fertility of the country and by their conquest over the natives, but of the preservation of their race. The easiest thing in the world that could have happened to them would have been such a mixture with the native stock as to produce total assimilation within a few generations. This has happened on numberless occasions in the history of conquering peoples. We may be crediting these ancient Aryans with too much intelligence and foresight, and with too early an attachment to the Nordic superiority complex. Whether that be so or not, we are certain of the fact that barriers were raised against this stock-mixture, and that the purity of the Aryan strain was sought in the rearing of this amazing caste system. The Brahmanic or priestly class gained its supremacy over all other classes, including the noble, and developed the caste system to a very high state of efficiency. Our knowledge of its early development is too meager to admit of our treating it with any degree of finality, so we pass on to consider the characteristics of the four castes into which society was divided.

The highest class, the Brahmanic, was distinguished as the priestly class—those who knew

all the Vedas by heart, and alone practised the sacred rites. The noble or warrior class were called the Kshatriya, while those who engaged in the industry of agriculture were called the Vaiyas. These were the Aryan husbandmen; but all menial service, as well as handicraft work, was the lot of the subject race—the Sudras. This social structure stands unique in the history of the world. Credit for the caste system in its perfect form is given to the great law-maker, Manu, who is supposed to have codified its laws and regulations about 200 A.D. The entire structure is nothing other than a glorification of the priestly Brahmanic class, and a deliberate degradation of the lowest class. It aims to be a rigid, exclusive, thoroughly undemocratic, and unsocial thing. Every item of food, dress, habits, and customs was regulated, down to the minutest detail, with an absurdity characteristic of all priestly classes in their extreme form. In whatsoever order of society a man was born, in that class he was doomed or damned to remain to the end of his days. Such a system was bound to cripple every instinct of progress at its birth, and to stifle in its first expression almost every effort at reform, tho one great soul did break loose and preach a new gospel—Gautama Buddha.

We are indebted to the Brahmanic class for the greatest intellectual, literary, and philosophical productions coming out of India. In

their meditations upon the number of gods presented to them in the Vedas they arrived at the conclusion that the nature worship therein exhibited could no longer satisfy their intellectual requirements. Instead of a multiplicity of gods there was just one god-principle throughout the universe. This was a principle and not a person; hence theirs is not a religion in the accepted meaning of the term. This principle they called Brahma, and the followers or believers were called Brahmans.

Such a philosophical doctrine was too high for the common people to feel any warmth about, or to accept in any other way than as an undemonstrable proposition, interesting but inanimate. The old joy in nature worship, so characteristic of the ancient Aryans, had passed away in India. Politically, the country was ruled by a number of irresponsible despots, save in a few free Republics. It was in these that the reforming movement gained headway.

Gautama Buddha, the most famous of all the reformers, was born of royal parents, in the sixth century B.C. We know very little of his youth, but it doubtless followed the usual lines of his time in the enjoyment of social privileges. When he was nineteen years old he married his cousin, and, having fulfilled that duty, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of life. It is reported that he was ever a thoughtful boy, and that he had amply demonstrated his courage in

warfare. When he reached his thirtieth year an incident is supposed to have crystallized his thinking into a determination. He had begun to register in his mind that life was, in some of its phases, a horrible thing; and that rest and peace could only come to the human spirit through a complete mastery of life. Leaving his wife and family, and the luxuries of his station, he garbed himself in a monk's costume, and retired to a cave in order to reduce the chaos of his feelings to a cosmos of principles. Giving his body a black eye, as the Apostle Paul said he did, Gautama fasted and piled on bodily discomforts.

In due time the new way of life opened out before Gautama Buddha, and he went forth to teach and practise his new cure for the ills of soul and body. "Evil dispositions have ceased in me; therefore is it that I am conqueror," says the new evangelist. Then for a period of forty-five years, Gautama moves through the crowds in the valley of the Ganges, preaching his new evangel until he rests his aged bones in his last sleep under the famed fig-tree in the year 543 B.C. So passed one of the greatest religious forces the world has ever known, but after his passing others spread his evangel over large parts of the world's surface, converting millions to the way of life first revealed by the Great Enlightened One.

Buddha's doctrine may be summed up in his own words, which, tho not written by him, we

may accept as substantially true. He was sufficiently conversant with life to know that pain and sorrow were of the essence of life itself. These were the inevitable lot of all human beings. Wisdom dictates that a life of passion only accumulates the miseries.

"There is a middle path, a path which leads to peace, to insight, to higher wisdom, to Nirvana. Verily it is this noble eight-fold path; that is to say, Right Views, Right Aspirations, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Mode of Living, Right Effort, Right-Mindedness, and Right Rapture."

There was to be no torture of the body as a means of discipline. Self-control, sympathy, service, and a true reverence for all living things were the main elements. Sacrifices to the gods were useless, nobility of life was everything. Buddha stretched forth his hand to the Sudras and the outcasts; and if his moral precepts had established themselves over India the story of that sad country would have been entirely otherwise than it has been. No man, said Buddha, can reach any higher state than that of perfect rest, perfect peace, entire unconsciousness, where the will does not operate, and where the mind does not disturb—Nirvana—the state of the blessed. To this blessedness all were invited.

Shortly after his death, Buddha's ideas and his gospel suffered the corruptive influences inevitable in that time. The ignorant could not be

taken from their gods, for the doctrine was too lofty for these people living on the enervating plains of the Ganges. Its influence, however, notwithstanding its corrupted forms, has been profound and far reaching, especially in China and elsewhere outside the country that saw its birth. In 65 A.D. one of the Chinese emperors sent messengers to India in order to obtain authoritative information concerning the Buddhist faith. Priests returned with these messengers and established the religion in the capital. From China the religious faith of Buddha, corrupted tho it was, went into Korea and Japan, and won to its banners the Mongolian tribes of Inner Asia. So these two peoples, Mongolian and Aryan, were joined together by the hands of Buddha, and the union was to have far-reaching consequences.

China

The world of the Hellenistic peoples knew little of that secluded world called China; and even to-day many people think of it as of some colossal kindergarten system for the production of laundrymen. No other country with so rich a genius has ever been so little known and consequently so little appreciated as China. Long before Hammurabi had codified the laws of his country; centuries before the voice of Socrates was heard in the market place of Athens; before Romulus ever looked about him for a site on

which to build the mighty city of Rome, the Chinese had produced their greatest literature, and had reared themselves by their own genius to an exceedingly high standard of civilization. But China was off the beaten track, infinitely more isolated then India, and also greatly in advance of her. Whether the great river valley civilizations of the Nile, the Indus, the Ganges, and the Yangtze-Kiang had any great communication the one with the other in ancient times is uncertain. The probability is that communication of some sort did go on, but definite assurance of it still escapes us. In the north of China lies the territory known as Mongolia. This was the home-land of the original Mongolian nomadic tribes, a territory about half the size of the United States, with an elevation of 2,000 to 8,000 feet. Here the tribes found ample pasturage for their flocks and herds.

The Chinese proper are the only ones of these early Mongolian peoples who moved out of their primitive conditions to a higher stage of civilization. This civilization was peculiarly their own, stamped with their individuality, and expressing their genius.

The early history of the Chinese, like the early history of all other peoples, is lost in the mists of antiquity or buried in a mass of myth and legend. As early Hindu chronology is fantastically imaginative, and so not to be relied on in any particular, so also the early Chinese

chronology suffered from a similar exaggeration. The Chinese look upon the year 2852 B.C. as the date marking the first great historical event, the beginning of the emperorship of Fu-hi. Whether we are to trust the records of later Chinese historians dealing with the centuries succeeding this, will have to be settled by the scholars in that department; for, while one section would accept the *Book of History,* edited by Confucius, as entirely authentic, another section refuses to accept these data, and seriously questions the book's editorship by the illustrious hand of Confucius. We may be fairly safe in asserting that previous to 2200 B.C. we are in a mythical or semi-mythical period. About this date China was a typical feudal state with a fairly well organized government. The people were engaged in agriculture, silk culture, and mining; which indicates that there must have been a long period of quiet development back of this epoch.

The feudal system was raised to its most perfect form by Wu-wang, the founder of the famous Chow dynasty (B.C. 1122-249). Wu-wang was a man of uncommon ability, and was animated by a real concern for the welfare of his people. It was during his reign that the emperor rewarded those assisting him in the problems of consolidating the empire, by granting them fiefs, large territories over which they ruled, subject only to their emperor. The title given to the

emperor, "Son of Heaven," carried in it a sacred significance; he was the great high priest, ruling by the will of heaven, and under its guidance and protection; consequently, the person of the emperor was sacrosanct, and was not to be approached save by the observance of ceremonies of the most exacting kind. The natural disposition of the Chinese character soon crystallized these ceremonies into adamant, not to be violated or broken under any consideration. But Wu-wang is famous in Chinese history not alone for these reforms, but also for his organization of schools throughout his domains, infirmaries for the aged, and many other beneficial institutions.

Unfortunately, Wu-wang was not able to impress his wisdom upon his successors, and these were not able to learn from the experience of the past. Thus, as in medieval Germany, we see the undermining of the imperial authority, and civil war breaks out with all its evils. By the seventh century B.C. the authority of the emperor was as nominal as the authority of the kings in the heyday of feudalism in Europe. Such a condition called to heaven for reform, inasmuch as the Son of Heaven had fallen from his high estate. More often than not, emergencies in society and state are opportunities for the disclosure of real greatness. Fires and persecutions, wars and crises do not make great men, they simply reveal them; and so it was with China.

In 551 B.C., Confucius saw the light of day in the feudal state of Fu, in the province of Shantung. By this time, notwithstanding feudal conditions, Chinese culture had definitely revealed its character, and China enjoyed a relatively high state of civilization. But its religious life had fallen into decay during the turbulent years of the later emperors. The old happy life of Chinese faith had passed away, and people were drifting into degenerate habits and customs. The probability is that the early life of Confucius was one of respectable poverty, in which living was low but thinking was assuredly not so. At any rate, we find the great teacher affirming that when he was fifteen his mind was set on learning, and at thirty he stood firm in his convictions. He started out in the determination to restore the old institutions that had fallen upon evil days, and to bring back the people to their former allegiance to the ancient laws, starting out with the assumption that mankind is at heart naturally good. He would have expressed impatience with the theory that the heart was essentially bad, full of deceit, and wicked above all things. Give men an example of goodness, reveal it to them in your deeds, and they will rise to do likewise. Give the people an understanding of the meaning of virtue and right living, and the rest can safely be entrusted to them. These were no new-fangled ideas that he taught; there was no effort to introduce moral

or practical innovations. "My teaching," he said, "is that which our forefathers taught and handed down to us; I have added nothing and taken away nothing; I teach it in its original purity; it is unchangeable as the heaven itself from which it comes. I but scatter, like the tiller of the soil, the seed which I have received, unchanged, upon the earth."

Confucius received from the Duke of Fu the privilege of trying out his theories for a period of three months, first as governor of a town, then as governor of the whole of Fu. A commentary on his government runs as follows: "Dishonesty and dissoluteness were ashamed and held their heads. Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of men, and chastity and docility those of the women." We learn that the good work was stopped in its further progress by the action of a neighboring ruler, who had grown darkly jealous of what was being done within his friend's kingdom. So he put a stop to it by the ingenious device of sending beautiful courtesans and fine horses to the Duke of Fu, who so deeply appreciated the gift and the interest of his brother ruler that he informed Confucius that his counsel and guidance were no longer needed. Confucius then became a peripatetic teacher in true Eastern style, wandering about from state to state preaching his doctrines, followed by his band of disciples. These disciples flocked about him, and unlike those of his

brother philosopher in Athens, Socrates, heaped honors upon him.

Many of the teachings of Confucius have come down to us, entering into the stream of our life without our recognizing their origin. He anticipated the words of Christ, tho put in negative form: "Do not do to others what you would not have them do to you"; also: "Do Justice to thy neighbor." When a ruler asked whether he ought not to cut off the lawless and thereby establish law and order, he replied: "Sir, what need is there of the death penalty in your system of government? If you showed a sincere desire to be good, your people would likewise be good. The virtue of the prince is like unto wind; that of the people like unto grass. For it is the nature of grass to bend when the wind blows upon it." A few more quotations of his pithy sayings: "The higher type of man makes a sense of duty the groundwork of his character, blends with it in action a sense of harmonious proportion, manifests it in a sense of unselfishness, and perfects it by the addition of sincerity and truth. Then indeed is he a noble character."

Concerning himself: "At fifteen, my mind was bent on learning. At thirty I stood firm. At forty I was free from delusions. At fifty I understood the laws of Providence. At sixty my ears were attentive to the truth. At seventy I could follow the promptings of my heart without overstepping the mean. The failure to cultivate virtue,

the failure to examine and analyze what I have learnt, the inability to move toward righteousness after being shown the way, the inability to correct my faults, these are the causes of my grief."

"I do not expound my teaching to any who are not anxious to learn; I do not help out anyone who is not anxious to explain himself; if, after being shown one corner of the subject, a man cannot go on to discover the other three, I do not repeat the lesson."

And a last one, which shows how unmodern he was: "If the pursuit of riches were a commendable pursuit, I would join in it, even if I had to become a chariot-driver for the purpose. But seeing that it is not a commendable pursuit, I engage in those which are more to my taste."

Confucius died in 479 B.C. His teachings can hardly be described as forming part of a religious system, for the emphasis is laid on ethics, propriety, reverence for tradition, and filial piety. But no people have been so thoroughly moulded by any teachings as have the Chinese by these practical doctrines of Confucius. During these last two thousand years they have entered into the warp and woof of the Chinese character; and most of the excellent qualities of the Chinese are without doubt due to the permeative and determinative influence of this unique man. To the repressive influence of his teachings, no doubt,

is due the static condition of Chinese society; and much of China's inability to adjust itself to the demands of the modern world as expressed in western civilization is due in no small measure to the strait-jacket ethics of Confucius. The most renowned follower of Confucius was his great disciple Mencius.

At the close of the nine centuries comprising the Chow dynasty we see the disruption of the feudal system, and the beginning of a movement headed by Shih-Hwang-ti, later called Chung, for a reunion of all the states into a single nation. This great statesman used every instrument at hand to realize his aim. He gained the cooperation of the ablest men in the country; directed them and his affairs with an iron will, and stooped even to savagery in his desire to push aside opposition. All that the past had borne over to the present must be destroyed. All fiefs were abolished, and the entire kingdom divided into thirty-six provinces, each ruled by three officials answerable to him for their government. This suggests a close approximation to the kind of rule set up by the Persian, Darius, which seemed to have power in itself to govern by momentum when all ability had passed from the rulers. A similar condition prevailed in China, for until recent times the system established by Chung (Hwang-ti) remained in its essential aspects the government of China.

Naturally, such reforms as Chung introduced

must needs come into conflict with the interests of those who stood for the *status quo,* and particularly the *status quo ante.* The old conservative literati must have greatly incensed Chung by their continual quotations from the classics, thrown like darts from a quarter where each man had his quiver full. In order to stop this harking back to the past, Chung ordered that all classical books, particularly those of Confucius, should be burned. A man of his will-power, of demonstrated ability in the execution of his will, saw to it that the order was carried out to the last letter. It was; but the books had been written indelibly on the memories of scholars, so the object was only partially effected. Chung's memory has been held in execration by succeeding Chinese scholars; but his great achievements in founding united China can never be denied. His successors were not made of his stuff, and the empire again fell into disorder, to be restored to order by Kau Ti, the founder of the Han Dynasty. China now goes forward to extend her territories, so we see her armies marching to the west and to the south.

Before Chung had passed away, the barbarian Huns, who were to come like a scourge and a pestilence over Europe, had begun their incursions over Chinese territory. Some of the northern princes had begun the erection of the Great Wall in order to keep the Huns back; Chung cooperated in the work, so that the Great Wall

stood as the largest fortification the world was ever to see, extending over a distance approximately 2,000 miles. The rulers of the Han Dynasty, however, did not intend to await the coming of the Huns. They took their armies and invaded Central Asia, where their victories extended their boundaries to the Caspian Sea. The Chinese colonists settled along the northwestern boundaries and were effective in keeping that region safe from further incursions. The two Han Dynasties lasted from 206 B.C. to 221 A.D., the latter period being one of general prosperity and intense intellectual activity.

For four centuries after the close of this dynasty China was to pass through some of her bitterest experiences. Dissensions, civil wars, jealousies, and incapacity in high places, were all to make China the easy prey of invaders from without. The Huns tore through the walls of fortification, spoiled the lands, and cut out, in the northern part of China, a kingdom of their own, called Wei. This kingdom lasted from 386 to 534 A.D. Then came the glorious T'ang Dynasty (618-908 A.D.), a period of unsurpassed prosperity and general enlightenment. While Europe, as we shall see, was steeped in ignorance, and the night of the Dark Ages was upon it, China was undoubtedly the most civilized and prosperous country on earth. During the two hundred and eighty-seven years of this dynasty laws were above men, and the government was

managed by emperors and officials who looked upon public office as a public trust.

It was during these humane times that Ts'en-Ts'an wrote:

Night is at hand; the night-winds fret afar,
The north winds moan. The water-fowl are gone
To cover o'er the sand dunes; dawn alone
Shall call them from the sedges. Some bright star

Mirrors her charms upon the silver shoal;
And I have ta'en the lute, my only friend;
The vibrant chords beneath my fingers blend;
They sob awhile, then as they slip control

Immortal memories awake, and the dead years
Through deathless voices answer to my strings,
Till from the brink of time's untarnished springs
The melting night recalls me with her tears.

Not only was there no voice in Europe that could sing such a melody at this time, but it is doubtful if there was one who could appreciate it. The singing time of Europe was yet to be, while China still sang on.

VII

THE ROMAN EMPIRE

When we think of Greece, we see Athens; when we think of Hellenistic culture, we see Alexandria; when we think of Roman law and government, there rises "the grandeur that was Rome." The empire of Greece, which was that of the intellect, of art, of philosophy and of literature, of the love of the beautiful and of freedom, had its home in the small city-state of Athens. The mighty empire of law and of government, of things greatly practical—whose influence is not exhausted at the present hour—had its first home in the city-state of Rome on the banks of the Tiber.

When the glory of Greece was at its height, a number of tribes of the Aryan race were dwelling in parts of the peninsula of Italy. Some of these were destined in time to extend their sway from their home city of Rome, throughout Italy, the eastern Mediterranean, and the western world. The story of the rise and development of the Romans is as thrilling as that of the rise of any great political and civilizing power.

As with the beginnings of other ancient nations, so with that of Rome; it is not possible for us to trace with certainty the ways by which Italy was settled, or the number of tribes making

up the Italic race. The tradition as to the founding of Rome itself, partly fact but mostly fable, is the famous story of Romulus and Remus. On the destruction of Troy, Æneas fled to Italy, where he was fortunate enough to marry Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus. Ascanius, the son of Æneas, not being satisfied with the site which his father had built his city upon, took his people with him to a high mountain, where he hewed out a place for his city. The site being long and narrow, the city built thereon was called Alba Longa—the long white city. Now the last king of Alba Longa was named Procus, and he left two sons, Numitor the elder, and Amulius the younger. The father dying, Amulius seized the kingdom, giving his brother but a small share of his father's private inheritance, and compelling his niece, Rhea Silvia, to take her place among the Sacred Virgins. But the god Mars fell in love with the young lady; and to the chagrin of Amulius, she gave birth to twins, Romulus and Remus.

Not to be outwitted, Amulius ordered the two children to be cast into the river. So, placed in a basket, they are cast adrift. But the river was in flood, and the basket was carried along until it got upset at the Palatine Hill—but on to the land. Just at this moment a thirsty she-wolf happened to come down to the river to take a drink, and, being moved by an impulse of pity, she carried the two children to her cave, where

she suckled them, assisted by a wood-pecker who brought them food in her kindly beak. Here they were found by a herdsman, who, also moved by pity, took them to his good wife Larentia, and she brought them up with her children. When they grew up, having learned all about their cruel uncle, they set forth to execute vengeance upon him. Then, having killed him, they placed their grandfather on the throne of Alba Longa, while upon the Palatine Hill, on the left bank of the Tiber, they built the city which they called Rome.

But before the walls of the city had been completed Remus was killed, owing to a bitter dispute between the brothers. The killing was done not by the hand of Romulus, but by the spade of Celer, the overseer of the work, for Remus had tried to stop the enterprise from going forward, strenuously objecting to that particular site. Romulus was left to rule his city alone; and he ruled it justly, wisely, and well, so that his people greatly loved him. Forty years after he had begun to rule, Mars, his father, caught him up in a tempest and carried him aloft to heaven. In the darkness of night Romulus appeared to one Proculus Julius and said to him: "Go, and tell my people that they weep not for me any more; but bid them to be brave and warlike, and so shall they make my city the greatest in the earth."

The city that Romulus founded attracted large

numbers of men, but few women; consequently it would not last longer than one generation unless something could be done about it. The city had been thrown open to everybody, vagabonds and villains alike, and mothers were not anxious to marry their daughters off to such as they. But ingenuity came to the aid of this city of bachelors—the Sabines were invited to partake in celebrations in honor of Neptunus Equestris. The magnificence of the celebrations drew large crowds of curious matrons and virgins, many of them surpassingly beautiful, and as many, otherwise. When the cue was given, the Roman youths ran this way and that, seizing the virgins, and running off with them to their homes. The parents of these young women retired in grief and humiliation. Matters could not end there, of course, and war followed. The two armies faced each other, and were about to fight to the last man, when the young wives rushed out and put an end to the matter. If they had not learned to love their bold husbands, they were at least not disinclined to enjoy the pleasures of their new homes. A compromise resulted, and the dual kingdom was ruled by Romulus and the Sabine king Tatius.

Romulus is supposed to have instituted the Senate, and to have divided the people into thirty curiæ. The various elements in the population were composed of full citizens or patricians; half citizens or plebeians; and clients.

At the death of Romulus it was agreed that the next king should be a Sabine, and Numa Pompilius was selected because of his justice, wisdom, and piety. He was the first of the seven kings who are supposed to have ruled during this mythical period. The last was the Etruscan king, Tarquinius Superbus, and he and the two preceding Etruscan kings are supposed to have beautified Rome with many fine buildings. The first of the three, Tarquinius Priscus, laid the foundations of the famous Capitol on the Capitoline Hill, and constructed the great sewer (cloaca maxima) by means of which the marshy grounds amidst the hills were drained; he constructed also the Circus Maximus, and the Forum. The last of the Etruscan line was a bloodthirsty tyrant, so that the long-suffering Romans decided they could tolerate kings no longer, and monarchy came to a fitting end. At the close of this period the people were divided into five classes according to their property holdings. The poorest classes were called the proletarians.

With the passing of the kings, power in the state passed to two consuls, elected by vote to serve for one year. On critical occasions, such as the outbreak of war, the power of the consuls was superseded by that of a dictator, to whom was given absolute power for a period of six months.

Matters, however, did not go any too well with the young republic. The Etruscans, incited by

the expelled Tarquinius, made war against Rome, and would have captured the city but for the bravery of Horatius, who kept back the Etruscan hosts while fighting courageously at the bridge which crossed the Tiber.

Within the republic the common people were in a sorry plight. All the advantages of public office were in the hands of the patricians, and, as so often happens, power enjoyed over too long a time had come to be exercised arbitrarily, without regard to justice or the well-being of the state. The Roman patricians had grown jealous of their rights, tenacious in their grip upon political power, stupidly selfish, and blindly greedy. So once again, as it so often happens in history, the two classes, patrician and plebeian—the "have gots" and the "have nots," stood arrayed one against the other. The patricians laid claim not only to the plums of political office, but also to the sole right of communicating with the gods. And they stood like adamant against the intermingling of plebeian with patrician blood.

The common people had seen their land devastated, their belongings plundered, heaping burdens laid upon them, during the successive calls to battle for glory and their fatherland. Their debts piled up to heaven, and the interest charges almost reached the same heights. When the loan rate was lowered to 10 per cent., the change was welcomed as a relief. Creditors be-

came the only lenders, and plebeian Rome became economically dependent upon patrician Rome. How long, O Lord, how long? The situation became intolerable. Rome owned large tracts of public lands, but the only class permitted to use them was the patrician. Is it to be wondered at that these plebeians did not love their patrician masters, or that many of them were willing to die for "that common fatherland of all great souls—pure liberty"?

This condition of affairs within the city provoked the plebeians to rise en masse, not to overthrow the existing rule, but to found a city for themselves. The patricians were greatly concerned. When 18,000 of these commoners marched beyond the walls of the city the patricians were dismayed. Where were they going to get the necessary soldiers to fight the neighboring tribes, who were anything but neighborly? Compromises must be proposed, concessions must be made. Back come the plebeians—they have won some of their points; old debts are canceled; the debtors sold into slavery are released. A new institution is erected, destined to play an important part in Rome's future history—the system of tribunes, representatives of the people, who have power to defend the interests of the commoners. The tribunes can appeal from the decision of any Roman magistrate, and can render null and void any decision of the consuls. They can even punish a disobedient

magistrate, while no one could touch their persons, for the patricians have vowed before the gods that anyone who touches or insults a tribune is to be outlawed from Rome.

That little march out of the city won the commoners a great deal. But the patricians could not take it all lying down. They bided their time to wring some of the power out of the hands of the tribunes. The day arrived, when starvation threatened the commoners through a failure of the crops. Famine stared them in the face; the poor were famishing. Large quantities of grain were on the way from Syracuse; so Marcius Coriolanus suggested that none of it should be distributed until the people had dismissed their tribunes. By a sudden turn, however, he himself made a hurried flight from the city, and, joining the Volscians, led an army against Rome. Here the mothers of Rome intervened, led by the mother of Coriolanus and his wife; together the two women prevailed upon him to put up his arms. "Mother," he exclaimed, "you have saved Rome, but lost your son." He knew the fierce appetites of his Volscians; his blood alone could satisfy them.

Meanwhile Rome's enemies roundabout were busy. At Mount Ægidus the entire Roman army would have been destroyed, had it not been for the leadership of the famous farmer-general, Cincinnatus. The Senate called him, and he left

the plow in its furrow to go and lead the Roman youth to victory.

The plebeians had become class-conscious in the realization of their needs, and of their united strength to satisfy them. Too often, as with their plebeian fellow Greeks in earlier days, had they been made to feel the arbitrary judgments of the magistrates against their interests, and against justice itself. They had fought for decent agrarian laws, for some legislative representation, and had won both; now they must win the right to have the laws by which they are going to be judged, published, so that all may read and understand them.

Their demand is heeded. Three men are entrusted with a mission to go to Athens and other Greek cities to study the laws and constitutions of Solon, *et al.* They report their findings, and ten men—the Decemvirs—are commissioned to draw up a new code of laws. While in office they supersede the consuls and the tribunes, and are given supreme powers over the state. In the second year, power unwisely used, and passions undisciplined, cause their expulsion from the city before the wild rage of the people. Back comes the old system of government, but the twelve tables of laws, engraved on twelve tables of brass fixed to the Rostra of the Forum, stand witness to the people's gains. They continue to struggle for equal rights and equal privileges until they win the right to break down the wall

of partition which has hitherto made it impossible for plebeian blood to mix with patrician.

While these struggles were going on within the Republic for plebeian rights, the army was busy fighting the neighboring tribes. The paid standing army of the Romans was proving its efficiency, and success followed success with almost monotonous regularity. For ten years it had maintained a siege of the town of Venii, and a large number of Etruscan cities had fallen before it.

Other forces were gathering like a cloud to the north of them. The Gauls had crossed the Alps, settling down in Italy. When they besieged Clusium in Etruria, that city cried aloud to Rome for help. In the war that ensued, the Roman army was crushed. The citizens began to flee from Rome, and confusion reigned. Burning and ravaging the towns on their way down, the Gauls at last encamped about the capital city. Within, a small garrison held out for seven long months, but the issue seemed certain. One dark night the Gauls managed to scale the walls while the garrison slept; but the geese sacred to Juno, disturbed in their slumbers, set up a loud cackling. Thus the Romans were aroused and the city was saved. Gold satisfied the diminished demands of the Gauls, and they retreated. Old Rome was in ruins, but a new Rome soon rose resplendent above the ruins.

From 300 to 200 B.C. the Romans were busy

extending their conquests over the peninsula. One of the toughest problems was to conquer the Samnites, a rude hill-folk dwelling along the ridges of the Apennines. It required more than seventy years, and three great wars, before these hardy Samnites gave way to Roman power. The conquest of lower Italy was relatively easy, save for a surprizing resistance encountered at the rich city of Tarentum. Here the people had called upon Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, to come to their aid. He was one of the most famous generals and warriors of his time. By his use of a large number of elephants he won two victories of note, and some of less consequence. But he lost so many men that he is reported to have said, "Another such victory, and I shall return alone." Ever since then we have had the phrase, "a Pyrrhic victory." The Roman machine rolled on, for it seemed conscious of the fact that tho it might be stopped in its progress occasionally, nothing could hinder its ultimate arrival at the goal of its peculiar destiny.

Much of Rome's success against her enemies was doubtless due to the fact that her chief wars were fought, one at a time. It is interesting to speculate as to what might have happened to Rome's ambitions and to the history of the world if Alexander the Great had not died when the Romans were engaged in their Samnite wars, but had lived to move his mighty Macedonian forces toward the west. Rome just managed to beat her

enemies one by one; but had she been matched by more powerful forces, led by greater men, history would have had a different story to tell.

The most dangerous rival she was called upon to meet was the Carthaginian power lying across the path she must needs tread if she was to fulfil her destiny. The Phenicians had settled at Carthage in the north of Africa, had established trading posts and factories all around the Mediterranean, and had taken up a strong position in Sicily. Carthage had long been a city of great wealth and power, and had established many prosperous colonies, which she was prepared to hold at whatever sacrifice. Mistress of the sea, she must match that power against Rome, master on land. Again we see East facing West—Semitic civilization about to throw down the gantlet to Aryan civilization—and the war which was to drag its weary length through many years was to decide the issue in a ruthless fashion. The war itself may be conveniently divided up into three periods: From 264 to 257 B.C. we see the Romans, in a series of victories, driving the Carthaginians into the southern and western corners of Sicily. The second period, from 256 to 250, finds success alternating with failure. The third is a long and tiresome period of nine years—249-240—during which the Romans consolidate their gains, recuperate their armies, and finally destroy the menace of the Carthaginians in a great battle on the sea.

The Punic war, as this series of conflicts is called, had revealed the striking qualities of two great generals: Scipio, who commanded the Roman army in Spain, and later crossed over to Africa, where he fought the Carthaginians and won a famous victory at Tama, which concluded the war; and Hannibal, mighty leader of the Carthaginian armies. Hannibal had accomplished feats which would have taxed to the utmost the resources of the greatest generals of all time. Scipio returned to Rome in triumph, and honors were heaped upon him, while Hannibal, after counseling the Carthaginian Senate to accept the terms of the enemy because of the distress of his country, passed out of the picture to end his days in exile.

To use a current expression, Carthage was down but not out. Her vitality was not completely exhausted, for she gradually regained her former position and much of her wealth. But she made the mistake of violating the treaty with Rome, and engaged in a war of her own without asking the consent of her mighty overlord. Roman eyes had noted the reviving power of Carthage, and the impassioned voice of Cato was heard to conclude his every speech with the words "Ceterum censeo Carthagineam esse delendam." Yes; Carthage must be destroyed, and Rome was not satisfied until the great African city was leveled to the dust. The exasperated Carthaginians renewed their vigor as

they saw the destruction going forward. Time after time they repulsed the Roman legions, only to be subdued at last by Scipio the younger. Those who were not massacred were sold into slavery, and the entire Carthaginian territory was added to the growing list of Roman provinces.

The war against Greece added still more territory, and the "Eye of Greece," the prosperous city of Corinth, was taken and destroyed while the destruction of Carthage was going on. The expedition into Macedonia completely conquered that country, and the Macedonian monarchy was annihilated. In Spain, the Roman army was forced to suppress revolts of warlike tribes such as the Celtiberians and the Lustanians. Rome's rule now extended over Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Macedonia, northern Africa, western Asia, and Gallia Narbonensis; the Mediterranean sea was a Roman lake, and the end was not yet.

In the meantime all was not well with Rome herself. She had conquered Asia, but was liable to be conquered by the corruptive luxuries flowing into the capital from the East. Great wealth had been taken to Rome from the provinces. Luxury and immorality abounded among the officials and military leaders. Laws could not stay the tide—the flood was too high and its spread too wide. The people gloried in the victories of their armies—and dipped their hands into the flesh-pots, losing their old-time vigor,

and giving themselves up to idleness and enervating pleasures. Adventurers flocked to Rome to exploit their talents and to insinuate their vices. Religion, with all its ceremonies, was scoffed at, save exotic religious ceremonies introduced from the East. Cults of all kinds sprang up and flourished. The time when Rome thought of marriage as "the union of two lives, the blending of two inheritances, a common interest in everything religious and temporal," had long departed. These were new days with new privileges. The canker of corruption, of degeneracy, of a wanton disregard of the virtues that had given Rome her strength to become mistress of the civilized world, was eating its way slowly to her heart.

Will some man rise like a rock within a weary land to stop this human drift? A man rises in the person of Cato, who champions the former things of Rome's greatness—the old religion, the simple habits, the early moral standards—all those elemental virtues of the days when men lived on high and noble levels. He keeps vigilant watch and cries with a clarion voice: "You have heard me repeat that two contrary vices undermine the Republic, luxury and avarice. They are the scourges which have ruined every big empire." Noble words; but Cato feels the grip of avarice himself; he stretches out both hands for more and more wealth. The day comes when, perhaps as a salve to his conscience, he writes

his apologia: "The admirable man, the divine man, the man most worthy of glory, is he who can show by his accounts that he has acquired more wealth than he received from his fathers." So the man who is to stop the drift is not Cato, after all; he is too infirm with the infirmities of his people.

On December 10, 134 B.C., young Gracchus entered upon his office as tribune of the people. His eloquent speeches had presented a picture of the striking contrast between the Italy of his own day and the Italy of other days, when the yeomen and the small-holdings farmers were the backbone of the country. He introduced a bill, by means of which he hoped to restore the small-holdings farmers; to take away the lands stolen by the rich, and to distribute them among the poor. He touched avarice to the quick; but his scheme was shattered, because it was too bold, too comprehensive, too direct a challenge of vested interests. In the end the politicians massacred him and three hundred of his followers.

Caius, his brother, wrapped the mantle of the reformer about himself, becoming still more daring, throwing moderation to the winds. His popularity made him the master of the Republic —but not for long. He also fell, and three thousand of his followers with him.

Men sigh for peace: public spirit seems to have died, and only the strong hand of a dic-

tator can match the hour. Aristocracy has again triumphed, tho the struggle between rich and the poor still goes on. It is a period of universal corruption and decay—and of lack of capable leaders. Africa reveals the degradation into which the oligarchy has fallen. Jugurtha, king of Numidia, takes possession of several provinces by assassinating the rulers. Rome's investigators disgust even Jugurtha by their willingness to sell themselves to him for acceptable sums. A new leader arises from the common people—Marius, son of a peasant, an energetic soldier, but coarse, unscrupulous, ambitious. In a single campaign he has conquered Jugurtha and delivered him to Sulla, to be led in chains through the streets of Rome (105 B.C.). More work awaits him in checking the invasions of the barbarian Teutons and Cimbri, who threaten Italy itself after ravaging Gaul. The barbarians have destroyed four Roman armies; but now they make the mistake of dividing their forces, so that when Marius meets the Teutons at Aix he completely annihilates them. He meets the Cimbri at Vercellæ and repeats his success. It is estimated that 120,000 barbarians are killed—thousands taken prisoner and sold into slavery. Rome is jubilant. Marius is deluged with honors, but his vanity shows above them all—the vanity by which at last he fell. Meanwhile, the savior of Italy is the idol of the democratic party.

A new danger arises in Italy, called the Social

War. Denied hitherto the full privileges of Roman citizenship, Rome's allies within Italy now rise to demand them. Samnites and Marsians, renouncing allegiance to Rome, establish a rival state with Corfinium as their capital. To prevent further disruption the Senate capitulates, and ultimately all the allies in Italy are accorded the full privileges of Roman citizenship.

During this social war there emerges Sulla, the great rival of Marius, who is destined, in his championing of the cause of the Senate and of the nobles, to bring to a climax their conflicting ambitions. Sulla had been sent to the East to fight Mithridates. While he was away, Marius, by his mob appeal, had a decree passed transferring the command of the army to himself. Sulla's army refused to accept the command of Marius, murdered the officers who brought the order, and marched on Rome. Marius and his party must needs flee into exile, where he passes through many vicissitudes—only to return in good time.

Sulla was now all-powerful, with a tremendous capacity for revenge. For three years he enjoyed the rule of an Asiatic despot—then suddenly retired. One act of his, however, was filled with portentous significance—he had led his army into Rome, and by its means raised himself to political power. The army had entered the political arena, never more to leave it. Before leaving office, Sulla had remodeled the constitution. The

Assembly was deprived of its legislative powers: the Senate was doubled in size, and to it was given the control of the law courts. How long were the changes to last?

This was the condition of affairs when Julius Cæsar entered the political arena. Never was any man confronted with greater problems—those having to do with the constitution, with social and economic affairs, with the corruptions of wealth, and with the government of the empire. Opinions differ concerning this man, but there can be no doubt that he showed marvelous ability in dealing with difficulties of the state. He was probably the first to see that Old Rome had passed away, that Republican Rome was passing, and that the Rome that was to be must be controlled and guided by a strong hand—the hand of a dictator whose heart and hand were devoted to the state, animated by unceasing energy, and directed by a clearly defined policy.

It would take us too far afield to enter into the details of this stirring time. But after the battle of Actium—where Octavian led the Roman army against Cleopatra, whom he was to chastise by order of the Senate—he returned to Rome, and there the Senate heaped honors upon him, and absolute power. The title, "Augustus," was conferred upon him—a title which had hitherto been applied only to the gods. By this title, Augustus Cæsar, history knows him.

The strong man had at last appeared. Augus-

tus knew that his power rested upon his soldiers, so he made the army a permanent organization and distributed his soldiers over the Empire so as to keep back the barbarians and preserve himself from attacks at home.

The Republic has passed away—the Roman Empire stands in its place. The days of conquest and expansion are over; these are to be days of consolidation, of law, and of government. Augustus rules in peace; his is a tyranny in the best sense of that word. He gives his assistance and encouragement to the arts and sciences. He boasts of the fact that he took over a Rome of bricks, but leaves it a city of marble. With Augustus there comes a revival of literature, an opening up of the well-springs of Roman genius. For fifty years he holds the world under his sway, and is more firmly entrenched at his death than at any earlier time. When he accepted the title of Princeps, Rome was inchoate, almost falling apart; he leaves it an empire without a peer. No great emotion seems to move him; he pursues the even tenor of his ways with calm and deliberate judgment, and with fine moderation. By the touch-stone of results, he well deserves the title of "great." Master of himself, he mastered a world, and left to posterity an unchallenged position as "the most consummate master of practical politics."

While great Augustus rules his mighty Empire, there is born in the little town of Bethle-

hem—an insignificant part of the Empire—one whose sway is destined to be over the hearts and minds of men—Jesus, the founder of an empire of the spirit which knows no boundaries of color or of race, and which has gone on from strength to strength, until it bids fair to encompass the globe. The simple record of his life—the pervasiveness of his spirit—the gentleness of his methods, have, notwithstanding the clash of creeds and the declamations of blind dogmatists, won more hearts and claimed a deeper allegiance than any empire reared upon a foundation steeped in human blood. At the age of thirty he moved out of the limits of his Nazareth home, to begin a public ministry, which but partially affected the life of Palestine, but which, during the two centuries after his death, was to transform the face of civilization. His ardent followers were to carry his gospel through the Greek world—to Rome and to the Eastern nations—establishing their churches, practising their benevolences, comforting the poor, dignifying labor, and holding forth the hope of immortality to all.

During the first century of our era Rome was to know and to suffer from the base tyranny of such despots as Caligula and Nero. Vespasian and Titus were emperors of the better type. During the reign of the five good emperors—Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius—the quality of the rulers is

sufficiently indicated by the adjective applied to their reigns. Tho Marcus Aurelius was engaged in a desperate struggle with the German barbarians, nevertheless, his reign was one of the happiest periods in Roman history. Commodus was the son of the good Aurelius, but he followed not in the ways of his father; with him the reign of evil begins its sad story again. "Farewell to goodness, farewell to reason! Now, all hail, folly! All hail, absurdity! All hail to the Syrian and his questionable gods! Genuine physicians have been able to do nothing; the sick man is more sick than ever: send for the charlatans."

After the close of the second century the Roman Empire goes rapidly to decay. The German tribes come over the Rhine and into North Italy; the Goths cross the Danube; the Persians invade Syria and capture the emperor, Valerian. Rome was heading toward ruin, but was temporarily halted by a great statesman, Diocletian, who instituted a new form of government in order to hold the empire together. Then followed the worthy Constantine, who was destined to play so great a rôle on the stage of history; but with him we come to a definite parting of the ways, for he established his capital, not at Rome, but on the strategic site of old Byzantium, rebuilding the city and renaming it Constantinople. That story, however, must be reserved for a succeeding chapter.

Our story of the development of Rome from

its foundation in the days of Romulus to the times of the Empire and its decline might easily give the reader an impression of continued wars —of the frailties of human nature—of corruption and confusion. But Rome was infinitely more than this, as her rich legacies to subsequent civilizations splendidly witness. Her Empire was, in the main, an empire of peace; and those who lived under the sway of the Roman eagle felt secure in life and property, and happy in the consciousness of justice and fair play. If Rome had any well-defined objective, it was that of universal peace working itself out through its legal system and military order. Many a time has it been said that at no period have men been quite as happy as when living under the strong and just arm of the Roman Empire. These grave, austere, too often brutal men, with the great mass of Roman "nobodies," contributed to civilization a system of government which in various forms persists to this day: a legal system sound enough to find itself at home in our modern codes; a fairly rich literature in a language full of music and meaning; art and architecture, if not of the Greek standard, yet worthy to stand just beneath it; these and other contributions, especially in municipal government, have become common possessions of all progressive civilizations. Rome's influence has become our inheritance, and we are her grateful beneficiaries.

VIII

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

When Diocletian ascended the throne (284-305 A.D.), the hearts of men were sick of turmoil and mutiny, wanting nothing so much as unity of strength and purpose to meet the grave problems confronting the Empire. The situation was exceedingly critical. Persia was causing new troubles; Egypt saw the rise of a new usurper; Britain presented new problems, and, more significant than all these, the German barbarians were on the move by water and by land. The far-flung frontiers of the Empire would have required the masterful legions of Rome's best days to guard and protect. Protected they must be, but how?

Diocletian realized that the organization of the Empire had to be made over. He set about the task without consulting the Senate, and divided the supervision of the Empire between himself and his colleague, Maximian, with the asssistance of two others—Constantius Chlorus and Galerius, who received the title of Cæsar—while his colleague and himself took the title of Emperor. He retained supreme authority for himself, taking direct supervision over the East, with his capital at Nicomedia. Maximian reigned

over Italy, Africa, and the Islands, from Milan. Galerius reigned over the Illyrian provinces from Sirminium, while Constantius Chlorus went to Treves, from which city he ruled over Gaul, Britain, Spain, and Mauretania.

Such was the famous Tetrarchy scheme of Diocletian. Each ruler managed to get some semblance of order out of the disorders in the various territories. But the scheme—as many another—smashed on the hard rock of human nature. Diocletian in the East—wishing to assist his government there by adopting Eastern manners—tried to throw about himself the aura of Eastern mystery—the pomp and grandeur of Oriental potentates. He spent money without regard to Rome's financial burdens. The scheme was doomed; civil wars began again, and out of the chaos Constantine, the son of Constantius, emerges as victor.

Assisted by his army, together with the vote of the Christians, with whom he was on friendly terms, Constantine had raised himself to the position of sole emperor. He was to drop Diocletian's plan, but was to perfect the system of internal organization; was to make Byzantium the capital of the Empire, and the Christian religion the state religion. As to the last—this was a revolution, indeed. The hunted Christians, concerning whom so many wild and fabulous tales had been told, could now practise the rites of their religion in the open where all could see and

judge. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church, and large numbers had been drawn into the fellowship of the hunted Church by the quiet dignity, the self-sacrificing labors, and the clean lives of its members, who comprised not many learned men, not many nobles, not many men of great wealth, but some of all classes, the majority, however, being of the humbler sort.

In establishing his capital by Byzantium, Constantine selected a truly strategic place. The old city was soon transformed into one of the most beautiful cities of the world, and was to be further honored by having its name changed from Byzantium to Constantinople. All the labor of transformation, entailing the expenditure of vast sums of money, was to Constantine a labor of love. The work was pushed forward with so much energy that many of the buildings, thus hastily erected, were preserved later on with great difficulty and additional expense. But while Constantine lived, Constantinople vied with Rome in population, in beauty, and in opulence. Even to-day, the ancient city casts its spell upon all whose eyes see beyond its dirt, and whose ears are attuned to catch other sounds above the babel of voices and of tongues that resounds in its streets.

Internal revolutions disturbed the last years of Constantine. He had outlived the respect and esteem of his subjects. The fatal glamor and

pomp of the East held him in thrall. The aged monarch, whose wisdom and courage and sterling virtues had won the affectionate allegiance of his people, dimmed his glory by adopting strange customs, by ordering foul murders, by giving way to impulses of rapacity and of imbecilic prodigality. Going to Nicomedia on account of his health, he passed away in 337.

On his death the Empire seems to move with hurrying steps to decay; no rulers of great capacity rise to take his place. The administration of government affairs falls into disorder, while the barbarian hordes, better disciplined than ever before, move steadily forward to possess the wasted and spent Empire.

Constantine left his Empire to his three sons—the West to Constantine II; Asia and Egypt to Constantius; and Italy and Africa to Constans. These were brothers only in blood; ambitions, jealousies, conflicts of interest, made the blood-bond a wisp of straw. Constantine was killed in a battle with his brother Constans; the latter was killed by another usurper, who in turn was himself killed by Constantius, now left to rule as sole emperor, from 353-360. The apostate comes after him, Julian by name, cousin of Constantius. At first a Christian—at least nominally—he recants, and sees hope for his country only in a return to the pristine simplicity of Roman paganism. Now are the Christians restricted. But he is kicking against the goad;

Roman Christianity will not budge. The Galilean has won. Julian dies, fighting against the Parthians. His successor, Jovian, being a Christian and somewhat of a diplomat, takes down the bars against the Christians; all is well again. Then follows Valentinian, who is succeeded by his sons, Gratianus and Valentinianus II.

While Valens was ruling the East, at the time when Valentinian ruled the West, a Mongolian tribe called the Huns crossed the Ural Mountains and struck down into Europe. Was the hour of doom about to strike? Some of the people recalled the ancient legend concerning the twelve vultures. Romulus, while standing on the Palatine Hill, saw twelve vultures flying above his head. Calling a Tuscan soothsayer, he inquired the meaning of the portent. The soothsayer informed Romulus that the twelve vultures represented twelve centuries of power for Rome. The people now began to ask the question whether the twelfth vulture had appeared over Rome.

This legend might give the impression that the Romans realized that they were near the day of their doom. Such, however, was not the case. In many respects the might of Rome seemed to have lost little of its vigor, certainly not enough to make her unable to withstand the onslaughts of barbarian hordes she had beaten so often. Rarely do we find that the vision of the leaders, or of the people, is keen enough to pierce the veil of the future, or to see the inevitable issues

of their days. The silent forces of decay had been at work for a long time, but few eyes could mark its progress, or the stage of its present development. Some heralded the times as the best Rome had ever known; others went about their daily tasks bearing the burdens imposed upon them with consideration only for these. The day was soon to come, however, when men would bow their heads in the presence of inevitable doom. They were to see "the obsequies of Rome" carried out to their minutest details.

We have seen that much of the reason for Rome's decay is to be found in its financial and social corruption, in the dissolution of its moral fiber, and in the universal belief that all men had their price, and every office its illicit reward. Trade and commerce with India, China, and Asia had drained the country of its gold; for the East traded little with the West. The enormous and irresponsible expenses of government had placed on the backs of the tax-paying middle classes burdens too heavy to be borne; many of these sought relief by entering the army, but this avenue was to be closed to them. The decay of the backbone of any nation—the middle classes—spells inevitable ruin to the nation as a whole.

No longer did the Roman consider it a patriotic duty to enroll in the legions and help to maintain the standard of the armies. Patriotism, if not entirely dead, was too weak to be heard

above the strident voices of self-interest and self-preservation. The teachings of Epicureanism and of Stoicism, stripped of their former dignity, furthered the work of disintegration. The Christians, living in the main in another world, and with their apocalyptic visions engrossing too much of their interest, paid little attention to the duties of a state to which they could give but little allegiance.

We recall the significance of Sulla's entry into the political fray in 82 B.C. by aid of his strong army. The old-time discipline has passed away. Its strength has been used to raise and to depose emperors, and to make its will known in decisive fashion, irrespective of the wishes of the people or of the constitution of the state. Roman citizens prefer to stay at home to live their lives in peace. Their places are taken by German mercenaries, highly paid, efficient, brave and faithful. Some of these rise to high places in the army—but they are not Romans. The Roman legions are relieved of the solitary life on distant frontiers, and are brought home to more congenial places within the Empire. How could such an army meet the fierce and persistent attacks of the barbarians?

These in the main are some of the most important of the internal causes for the decay of Rome. We would not overemphasize them, and we would not understate them. Rome at its best would have found its energies wholly employed

to beat back these barbarian attacks, and what could she do when neither the spirit nor the flesh was able to answer the call? The later Empire had become degraded to an Oriental despotism. It was due to pass, and in its passing to close the chapter on the ancient world, for other hands were to form the beginnings of the modern.

Barbarian tribes had for a long time been seeping through the frontiers of the Roman Empire. Even Augustus had permitted large numbers of them to settle peaceably upon lands where they were privileged to carry on their life according to their customs. Now the seepage becomes a flood. In the North the Teutonic tribes—Alemani, Burgundians, Suevi, Goths—spread themselves over the Empire. Drive them back as often as Rome could, on they came with fresh energy and fresh forces. Tacitus tells us that these German barbarians were fairly decent folk, moral, respectful to women, faithful to a friend, and loyal to an oath. Their weaknesses were intemperance, wild and cruel customs, and an unrestrainable weakness for gambling. Besides these defects, it did not take them long to add to their list the pleasing vices of their Roman acquaintances.

As often as these forces were driven back so often did Rome attract them by its reputed wealth, and their love for plunder could not be stayed. This was not by any means the only

reason, or even the chief, for their marauding expeditions. It was their nature to wander into fresh territories, where the struggle for existence would not be so intense. And it is also probable that they felt the pressure of forces lying behind them—pushing them forward, now by fear, and again by population pressure. Long years before, in the days of the early settlement of the Ægean territory by the Greeks, we saw members of their blood pushing into those lands, and pushing out the inhabitants by pillage, by terror, and by fierce conquest. To that extent is history being repeated. And even as those barbarian Greeks were going to stay to give to the world one of its indispensable civilizations, so these German-Aryan tribes are going to settle down to the same task, giving the world a new foundation upon which to build a new civilization, in most respects greatly superior to anything the old world ever dreamed about. Of course, they destroyed, they pillaged, they burned, they were guilty of atrocious crimes. But this business of wrecking a decrepit and corrupt Empire is hardly ever the work of those who have only a stomach for dainty jobs. One writer has characterized it as "the greatest calamity that ever befell the human race." So does distance lend enchantment to the view, especially when one worships at a little Roman shrine within the heart.

At the beginning of the fifth century these

barbarians pour into the Roman provinces with their wives and children and all the equipment necessary for a permanent stay. Honorius, thoroughly alarmed, concentrates his forces within Italy, where he makes a successful stand—but only for a time. Gaul is thrown wide open to them. Britain has been left to its fate. Triumphantly, drunk with success, they come from the Rhine down to the Loire; and, like most conquering hordes, they ravage and loot, they feast and destroy. St. Jerome tells us that "if the ocean had inundated Gaul, it would have done less damage."

This inundation is one of the most momentous events in history. Barbarian kingdoms were set up throughout the Empire. The Visigoths established a kingdom in Spain and southern Gaul, until the Saracens upset it in 711. The Burgundians settled in southeastern Gaul, and the Vandals found a fitting cemetery in North Africa. In Britain, an Anglo-Saxon kingdom had been set up; and so the story goes. In Italy the German chiefs soon grew tired of the ineptitude of the Romans, hesitant tho they were to assume the purple; but Odoacer, chief of the Heruli and the Rugii, gently lifted the weak Romulus Augustulus off the throne (476 A.D), received the title of Patrician, and ruled Italy in the name of the Eastern emperor.

Thus have the mighty fallen. The grandeur that was Rome has become a memory. Italy, the

heart of the mightiest of ancient empires, is now a mere province of the Eastern Roman Empire. The deep hatred of the Italian people is quieted by fear of the formidable barbarians who now rule them. Some respect the splendid courage of these German chiefs, upon whom the honors of state have descended; but no one loves them. To the credit of Odoacer be it said, however, he respected the institutions as well as the prejudices of his subjects. But Italy itself had fallen into tragic decay. Misery and desolation could everywhere be seen. Agriculture had long since discarded science. The population had declined; food was not sufficient to meet the needs of the people. The three ancient enemies of the human race—war, famine, and pestilence—had wreaked their worst upon this land of warriors, the fair land of Italy.

The continuance of the Eastern Roman Empire for nearly a thousand years—until 1456, when the Turks captured Constantinople—gave scope for the rise and development of what is called Byzantine Civilization.

We noted that Constantine had energetically set about the self-imposed task of making over old Byzantium into a city fit for an emperor, and for the capital of an Empire. Fortunately for him, he had the stores of the Empire at his disposal; so that we find him conveying ornaments, statues of heroes and of gods, tombs and trophies, and as many other treasures as he

could lay his hands on, to fit into their appropriate places in the new city. One who witnessed the opening ceremonies of dedication is reputed to have said that "nothing was now wanting save the souls of the illustrious dead."

The selection of this site by Constantine was most fortunate. The western section of the Empire comprised a vast territory whose cities and important military centers were widely separated one from the other. This proved fatal when the barbarians overran the provinces, because the lines could not all be protected. In this regard the Eastern Empire was much more favorably situated. The separating sea protected it from its enemies, but also provided a convenient highway for the conveyance of troops. Cities were closer together, and the military garrisons were not so far apart as to cause discontented legions to voice their disaffection over wearisome journeys. More fortunate still was the fact that, unlike the West, the East had no diversity of tongues to give cause for suspicion or to make intercourse difficult. The East consisted mainly of Greeks, and the memory of their common inheritance with the Romans produced a sense of unity which the West was never to know. In the West there existed for a long time a strong pagan party, and several divisive religious elements. From this distance in time we may easily see how impossible it was for the Roman Empire to avoid separation into East and West. It was

a logical, reasonable, and inevitable separation, even tho both parts went along ostensibly as one, for many centuries.

One of the greatest achievements recorded to the credit of any of these Byzantine emperors, is that associated with the life of Justinian. The victories which he was fortunate enough to win over his enemies meant little in the march of human events. But to his inspiration and persistent interest in justice we owe a lasting debt in the form of his revision of the jurisprudence of his day, and the digests made of it, in the *Code,* the *Pandects,* and the *Institutions.* Here we find distilled the legal wisdom of the Romans, which was to have a great influence upon succeeding legal systems and codes, down to those of our own day.

Very few things are more necessary for the well-being of any state than a complete reformation of its legal system. Our own day, and our own experience, witness to the truth of this statement; and very few tasks may be as arduous, as overwhelming in their proportions, as this. During the life of the Roman Empire there had been gathered together from its earliest days, tens of thousands of laws and legal opinions, sufficient to fill a thousand volumes and to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic seeker for legal truth. When Justinian ascended the throne he called together a small group of scholars and authorities, and laid upon

them the task of revising the ordinances of his predecessors since the time of Hadrian, as these were found in the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian codes. He told them that they must purge all errors and contradictions, take out whatever they found obsolete or superfluous, and select the wise and salutary laws best adapted to the practise of tribunals and the use of his subjects. The new code was completed in fourteen months, and received the signature of Justinian. Then the laws were accurately copied and distributed. Compared with what was to follow, however, this task was relatively easy.

There must now be extracted from the decisions and conjectures of judges, and from the questions and disputes of Roman lawyers, the real meaning of the laws—their true spirit. In three years this task also was completed, and the *Digest of Pandects* is an abstract of 150,000 sentences, chosen from about three million. The *Institutes* contain the essential elements of Roman law. Justinian declared the *Code*, the *Pandects* and the *Institutes* to be the only legitimate system of civil jurisprudence. This remarkable monument of human labor, of human wisdom, and of the sound judgment of one of the most legal-minded of all the nations of the earth, was destined to be a source of legal knowledge and inspiration for thirteen hundred years. The sixth century may well be called the Age of Justinian.

The succeeding centuries—until the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1456—drag along with their tale of wars, of mutinies, of great courage, and of ignoble corruption.

Glance at the picture of Constantinople in the last days of Roman rule. Beyond the walls of the great city can be heard the cry of the Moslems, "God is God, there is but one God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God!" Within the city, Christians are pouring forth their complaints, repenting of their sins, carrying the image of the Virgin in their penetential processions. Voices are raised against the emperor for his stubborn refusal to surrender: the minds of the people are distraught with fear of the horrors to be inflicted upon them by the Turks or they sigh for the repose and security which they dare imagine might come to them in Turkish servitude. There is a summoning of the noblest of the Greeks and of the allies to the palace of the king, but the last speech of Paleologos becomes "the funeral oration of the Roman Empire." The emperor, with a few intimates, retires to the Church of All Wisdom, St. Sophia, and there receives the sacrament of holy communion. But the great Christian Church is doomed to become a Mohammedan mosque, and to remain such to this hour.

When day breaks, the Turks surround the city, the assault begins by land and sea, and the last citadel of ancient Rome falls into the bloody

hands of despoiling Moslems. Into the streets, herding together like terror-stricken cattle, go the people. Homes are deserted, doors are thrust open by looting hands. Suddenly the people remember their church, St. Sophia, and a multitude of fathers, mothers, children, priests, monks, and sacred virgins crowd within the church, barring the doors behind them. The Turks, they hope, will not dare to cross the sacred threshold. But they do not know their Turkish conquerors. Down go the doors before blood-stained axes. A moment's hesitation to give the conquerors time to survey their loot; then youth, beauty, and all those with any appearance of wealth are tied and led out as prey —prey for passions unrestrained. The city is a bedlam of cries, of wild and terrified shoutings. Wives and husbands forever separated, children crying for their parents, sacred virgins for the preservation of their honor, priests and monks to God for pity. It is the oft-told tale of man's inhumanity to man, of the bloody lust of the conqueror, and of the abject misery of the conquered.

St. Sophia is stripped of much of its beauty and robbed of its sacred wealth. Sacrilege means nothing to the Turk save as it applies to his own religion. All day long the city is given up to looting, while the happy Sultan, with his retinue of viziers, pashas, guards, makes a triumphal march through the streets. When Friday comes,

the Muezzin ascends the lofty tower of St. Sophia and cries an invitation to Mohammedan worship. An evil magician has waved his wand over Christian Constantinople. Rome is dead—long live the Sultan!

In the story of civilization Constantinople has her own peculiar place. Even tho she was unable in this fifteenth century to keep back these Moslem hordes, she had done so long enough to render an inestimable service to the civilization which we know and prize. When Slavic barbarians, coming down from the North, had sought to overthrow her, she stood and held them in leash. In many respects she was a buffer-state receiving shocks which otherwise might well have injured the slowly developing civilization of the West.

Byzantine civilization, as expressed in its art, has exercised so far-reaching an influence both upon Europe and upon Asia that it must be noted as one of the great contributions of the Eastern world, as that world was modified and fused into the Western. For Byzantium was no mere city at the time when Constantine selected it as the site of his new capital. Settled by the Greeks, its early history is lost in the obscurities of many legends. One glance at its situation reveals at once its prime importance as a first-rate port and trading center. During its long history it had inevitably passed through many hands and many vicissitudes. Being a first-class

seaport town with a great territory surrounding it, it attracted people from all lands; and the resulting mixed population of inferior grade was one of its problems. But, in language, in ideals, in cultural outlook, it was thoroughly Greek. Even those who were not born Greeks, but had acquired the tongue, acquired also as much of its spirit as they were capable of assimilating. When Constantine transformed the city, it was not a transformation into other cultural forms than the classic.

Byzantine art is—when all other contributions are weighed—the chief contribution to the world of a thousand years of the civilization that centered in this city on the Bosporus. Its essential genius is to be found in a harmonious blending of Oriental and Roman art; and its influence was to be profoundly felt down into the Middle Age. The rude drawings of the early Christians were the timid efforts of untrained hands attempting to represent their religious ideals. But for a long time after the Church had come into its own, it seemed to have appropriated Byzantine art as the choice medium for the expression of its awakened spirit, the outward manifestation of its faith. Not only did the early Church take this Byzantine medium as its own, it modified and enriched it.

It is not for us to forget that during those long dark centuries when the barbarian tribes of the West, with their rude customs, were ad-

justing themselves to a settled life, and laying the foundation for another type of civilization, the Eastern Empire at Constantinople kept the lamp of letters burning as brightly as possible. The scholars of the Greek world had flocked to Constantinople as the most congenial place for the cultivation of their interests. All the light and learning, the rich treasures of old Greece, were affectionately nurtured and preserved. It was one of the few places, in an otherwise dark world, where men sought to preserve the glories of the past, the enlightenment of their own minds, an eversensitive appreciation of the achievements of those who had lived the life of the spirit and who had given eternal witness of its ineffable richness.

The time came in the West when men looked about them on the evidences of former greatness, the greatness of Rome and of Greece, and began to ask questions; moved to do so by a new spirit brooding within them. Economic stability had come after political stability. With economic stability there came wealth, and with wealth, leisure. Ancient buildings and statues, bleached and toned by age, bore silent witness to the past —to the glories of former cultures. "The valley was filled with bones, and lo, they were very dry. 'Son of man, can these bones live?' And breath was caused to enter into them, and they began to live, sinews and flesh and breath, and

they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.''

For the West, for Italy, the breath of life was the spirit of these Byzantine Greeks. Italy came at last to her own. Again the voice of Hellas was to call men to a banquet-table set in a wilderness—a wilderness soon to blossom as a garden. This time, however, the call is not from Athens, but from Byzantium. Hands of invisible spirits touch the souls of the West, day comes flooding the world with a new light—the light of the Renaissance.

Keats has told us that ''A thing of beauty is a joy forever,'' but the beauty must be seen, and it must be appreciated before joy is felt. There is no doubt at all that Byzantine art, and especially the Byzantine scholars who flocked to Italy before and after the fall of Constantinople, greatly aided the West in its appointed hour to know something of the joy that so naturally and spontaneously inspired the Greeks. The West was hardly ever without its followers of a stern Hebraic morality: it was always to be challenged by loyal servants of a crucified Jesus who knew no compromise with the things of this world. But it was also to have those evidences of another kind of world-view, and was to be challenged by the followers of another way, even the Greek. These two streams have been flowing through the channel of our civilization from those early days to our own; they mingle, but

they never mix. We are suffering to-day from the fact that we have not yet discovered the secret of uniting the rich ethical content of Hebraism with that joyous appreciation of nature, that rapture of life and for life, which was so characteristic of the Greeks, in one undivided mind and heart, so as to see life steadily and to see it whole.

IX

THE EARLY MIDDLE AGE AND CHARLEMAGNE

If one is to set a date to the beginning of medieval history, 476 A.D is more appropriate than any other. The German Odoacer removed the last remaining Roman from the throne of the Western Empire at that time. To recall what has been said, the Romans did not attach to this event the significance later given to it. The Roman Empire still existed—tho with its capital in the East. The division of Theodosius—who seemed to be more concerned about the Church than the State—had given place to a new unity within the Empire by 476. And the kings of the West, ruling over the newly-established German states, seem all to have consistently recognized the fact that Cæsar still ruled—tho from Constantinople.

We know, however, that this unity was more theoretical than actual. The German rulers exercised their sway within their respective dominions with characteristic independence. These early German states were of short duration, for they changed about with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Ostrogoths and Visigoths, Lombards and Vandals, came and went.

Theodoric the Great in 493 overthrew Odoa-

cer and set up his kingdom in Italy. His rule was characterized by justice and wisdom. Having spent about ten years in Constantinople while a youth, he had cultivated a deep and lasting regard for Roman law. Notwithstanding this fact, he had proved himself a dangerous and expensive enemy to the emperor, having led a number of devastating expeditions against him, and threatened the capture of the capital itself. When he came to rule over Italy he could be expected to show but slight regard for his titular master. No more powerful or independent king ruled within the Empire than this man whom his contemporaries called "The Great." He governed his kingdom with enlightened good judgment, and sought by every means to aid and protect the industry of his subjects. To the amazement of the other barbarians of the West, who stood in respectful awe before the might of his will and the power of his army, Theodoric did not extend his conquering sway over the other countries. He was satisfied to put up the sword, to redress the evils in his new kingdom, and to organize its life upon a foundation of civil government where duties and rights would be equally regarded. During his reign of thirty-three years he sought to unite the Goths and the Romans, but failed, either through lack of genius or because of the refractory elements within the two peoples. While giving his Goths a maximum of freedom, he nevertheless adhered

with almost pathetic attachment to a political system handed down by his Roman predecessors. When he paid a visit to Rome for six months (he had his capital in Ravenna), the Romans praised the courteous demeanor of this barbarian king, who promised them a just and legal government—in a speech which was later inscribed on brass. Here Theodoric gazed in wonder and respectful admiration on the evidences of former greatness. And to the credit of these German barbarian rulers be it said, they sought by laws and royal edicts to prevent abuse, neglect, and depredations from hastening the decay of the monuments of a past which still had power to cast a spell upon the imaginations of such as they.

Rome held no attraction for Theodoric as a capital. The elemental simplicities of his barbarian life called for the gardens, the orchards, and the fields of Ravenna, where the last Emperors had set up their capital. He had given his encouraging assistance to the revival of literature; and had exalted such a writer as Cassiodorus to high office within the state. Italy enjoyed a miniature renaissance, and civilization for a time began to move on higher levels. Unfortunately, we have to record the fact that toward the close of Theodoric's life his sense of justice was dimmed, and his customary wisdom seemed to leave him. The twin spirits of suspicion and cruelty took possession of him; and Boethius,

whom he had showered with favors and raised to office, was the most famous victim of their influence. Cast into prison and fettered with chains, this famous Roman Senator, in the freedom of his spirit, composed that cherished volume, *The Consolations of Philosophy.*

During the reign of Theodoric religious differences within the Christian Church began to emerge, the character of which it is necessary for us to describe.

By the Edict of Milan (313) Constantine extended freedom of religious worship to all, which raised Christianity to a preeminent position. In 325 he called the Council of Nicea in order to settle matters of doctrine. Followers of Arius had denied the divinity of Christ. The Council by a majority vote denounced the heresy. The Goths, however, were fated to become Christians by the Arian route—while Italy was safely attached to the professions of the Nicene declarations. The tolerant Theodoric was not anxious to unleash the passions of ardent Christians—tho divided into two camps—so he assumed the legal supremacy of the Church, while recognizing the dignity and importance of the bishop of Rome, to whom the name Pope had been attached. The matter could not rest there permanent in peace; for, whereas most of the German tribes became Arians, Italy could do no other than think of them as heretics. The Italians respected the armed heresy of these

rude barbarians, so as an outlet for their pent-up emotions they expended their Christian rage against the Jews—a precedent which was to be followed, off and on as occasion warranted, down into the shining light of the twentieth century.

While the good work of Theodoric was going forward there settled in Gaul a German tribe called the Franks, which was to form a solid and progressive nucleus of a nation. This nation became the French, and Gaul became France. No other German tribe was to play any such important part in the future development of Europe as these Franks. It was said of them that "They were born with a great love of war, they are brought up with the same passion, and to retreat in battle is unknown to them. If they are worsted through their enemies' superiority in numbers or through a disadvantageous position, they never succumb to fear; they die, but they are not vanquished." Together with these fighting qualities they possessed a fine legal system, and were under a strong royal power. Many a time had these Franks sought to entrench themselves upon the soil of Gaul. Behind them were the equally brave and perhaps more fierce Saxons, whom Charlemagne was to find so hard a nut to crack in his efforts to round out an empire. Many a time had the Roman armies deluded themselves into the belief that they had utterly destroyed the Franks,

only to see them rise again as tho from the ground. And almost as often, claimants for the emperorship sought and obtained the armed assistance of these famous warriors, who received therefor large grants of land within the empire. Roman disputes and internal dissensions greatly aided the progress of these Franks, so that about 355 A.D. we see them coming like a tidal wave across the Rhine and into Gaul.

Their greatest king was Clovis I (481-511), who came to the throne when but a lad of fifteen years. During a reign of thirty years, he united the various Frankish tribes, firmly established his Gallic kingdom, and left, at his death, a kingdom more extensive than that of modern France. In 493 he married Clotilda—daughter of the king of the Burgundians. Being an ardent Christian, Clotilda sought the conversion of her pagan husband to her faith. But she had difficult material to work on, and it is doubtful whether her efforts alone would have produced the desired change. No doubt she was aided by the officials of the Church, for the Church considered it almost a matter of life and death that this mighty ruler should come into the fold, where he could be of signal service. However that may be, the chroniclers of the Church record that the long-prayed-for conversion came about while Clovis was fighting near Strassburg (Zulpich) in a battle that was going against him. In his desperation he, like a drowning man,

turned to the God of his wife and made a bargain to the effect that if God turned the tide of battle, then Clovis would change his religion. No sooner vowed than the face of heaven was changed to a scroll on which the word "victory" was written. When Christmas came around, he kept his vow, was baptized, and saw to it that three thousand of his nobles did likewise. Rheims has many historical incidents to its credit, and perhaps this is not the least of them.

This event gave the religious situation a new set-up. All the other German tribes were Arian Christians—heretics, of course, of the deepest dye. Now that the Franks had become Roman Christians, momentous influences were born, which in their maturity were to have far-reaching consequences. In due time the Papacy and the Frankish rulers were to form a sort of holy alliance, which should do much to determine the character and complexion of the history of western Europe.

Many have doubted the sincerity of this rather desperate conversion of Clovis, and, judged by the events of his later life, his paganism seems to crop out too often in brutal wars, and in such acts as his murdering of the other Frankish chiefs to secure to himself and his posterity the whole territory. But we must not be unmindful of the fact that a wide diver-

gence between profession and practise may be found in other men and in more peaceful times.

Clovis died in 511, and his kingdom passed to his four sons. One reigned from Metz; another from Orleans; another at Paris, and the fourth at Soissons. These four sons inherited from their father everything but his genius. This is the famous, or infamous, Merovingian House. Clotilda, the widow of Clovis, was as much a pagan in her practises as her husband had been in his wars. Vengeance for wrongs inflicted upon her family was a commission she gave her sons to execute. Three of them accepted, and in the execution of their vengeance one child had a knife plunged into its heart; another, not yet seven, went the same way; by the same way went their nurses, their pages, and their servants—all murdered to satisfy a saint's revenge.

We shall be profited nothing in recalling the crimes, the murders, the gross and beastly immoralities, the worse than pagan depravities of this, one of the most detestable dynasties that ever spawned its vices upon a long-suffering world. These Merovingian kings became utterly inefficient and degenerate. History calls them the "Do-nothing" kings. They certainly did nothing to entitle them to a place in the memory of those who respect decency and righteousness.

The incapacity of these rulers made it possible for those who were close to them to assume

powers not legally their own. Within the palace itself the most important person next to the king was the Major Domo—the steward of the royal possessions. Occupying so important a position, and impressed by the ineptitude of the kings, it was inevitable that these men should exercise their wits and their powers to gain supremacy. For a century the struggle goes on between the Major Domos and the kings, until Pepin of Heristal, having united the "Mayors of the Palace," as they were called, of the four Frankish kingdoms, found that the power of the kingdoms had come into his hands. With rare tact and moderation, directed by a vigorous intellect, he gained the love of the people, the respect of the lords, and a secure hold upon the country. It had looked as if the Frankish power was to pass. It was left to Pepin to unify the country, and to equip it for the conquest of Europe. He was astute enough to realize that his strength with the nobles lay in not assuming the purple. Had he done so, the probability is that the nobles would have carried their resentment to the extent of an organized revolt.

Pepin's son Charles, later nicknamed Charles Martel ("Charles the Hammer,") also became a Mayor of the Palace, and exercised all the powers of a king without actually taking the office. In 732 he succeeded—after a series of strenuous battles—in beating back the invading Mohammedans, who were streaming up into

France through Spain. This battle of Tours is one of the most significant events in the history of Western Europe, and it will be necessary for us to unfold its significance by recalling the amazing story of the rise and expansion of the Arab Empire under the spur of the religion of Mohammed.

While the Franks were establishing their position in Gaul, a new power was rising in the East. Arabia, the ancient home of the Semitic peoples, was, because of its isolation, cut off from the main currents of the world's history. In the seventh century the country was divided up into areas within which nomadic and semi-nomadic tribes, as well as tribes which had settled down to the stationary life, lived and fought with each other. All these groups maintained their own distinctive religious beliefs, and practised their own appropriate rites. A majority, however, were pagans and practised idolatry. A black stone—upon which the head of Jacob was supposed to have rested—was preserved in the temple at Mecca, where it was under the care of the priestly tribe of the Koreishites. Of these people was Mohammed; and out of these conditions there arose the religion of Islam: "God is one God—there is no other, and Mohammed is his prophet."

Mohammed (569-632) came of a noble family, but at the time of his birth it was greatly impoverished. Joining himself to a caravan as a

driver, his brooding disposition found food for thought in the condition of his people, and in the forms of the Jewish and Christian faiths, with which he came in touch in the cities he visited. One wonders if the subsequent history of Islam would have had a different character had Mohammed been privileged to see either pure Judaism or pure Christianity, instead of the decadent forms with which he came into touch. The necessity of earning his own living was removed, when he won the heart and hand of the rich widow, Khadija, his former employer. Until he reached the age of forty, he seems to have given himself up to quiet meditation and to isolation, due in a measure to the fact that he suffered from some acute nervous trouble. In its extreme form his affliction was accompanied by hallucinations, which he and his friends interpreted as divine visions. In 610 he went forth on his crusade to convert his fellow countrymen to Islam. During his life he had become intimately acquainted with the contents of the Hebrew Bible, and almost as much so with the New Testament. But his fellow townsmen in Mecca would have none of his teachings. Probably incited by the Koreishites, who feared the passing of their power, the crowd drove Mohammed out of the city, and he had to take refuge in Medina. To-day the Moslems still consecrate this flight, or hegira, as the beginning of their era.

In Medina a vision comes from God to Mohammed at a convenient hour, informing him that if his countrymen will not be persuaded by fair words, then the sword must be the instrument of their salvation. Then begins that era of bloody evangelism which in time converts the Koreishites, and the rest follow suit in due time. When Mohammed dies in 632, the main mass of Moslems recognize his father-in-law, Abu-Bekr, as Caliph, while others declare for Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law and first disciple. This is the beginning of a long and bitter war between the followers of Ali and those of Abu-Bekr. The former come to be called Shiites, while the latter are known as Sunnites, or the members of the orthodox party. Even to-day, Turk and Arabian join in an inspiring fellowship to sing their hymns of hate against the Persians, who are Shiites. Abu-Bekr died in 634, and his mantle fell on the shoulders of Omar.

Soon after the death of Mohammed the Moslems began their holy war against the pagan, and more particularly against the infidel, meaning the Hebrew and the Christian. This work of conquest was greatly aided by the internal conditions of the countries that were soon to see these new champions of Allah march victoriously over them. Had there been strong military organizations to meet them, or had the people of the various countries been animated by a sim-

ilar religious ferocity, this part of the story would not have to be written. But Syria fell to the Moslems without much difficulty. Jerusalem, the city of David, became a religious citadel of Islam. The famous Mosque of Omar was to rear itself over the ruins of the Temple of Solomon. Egypt was easy to take—save Alexandria, which required fourteen months. Here occurred one of the greatest atrocities of history, an atrocity which one never finds it in one's heart to forgive—the burning of the famous library of Alexandria. But, remembering Louvain, perhaps one should not be too hard on those wild nomads of the seventh century. The ancient city of Memphis was laid smoldering in its ruins, but Cairo was to rise in its place. Then followed Persia, and Central Asia. Where the sword had won such victories the cause of Allah was advanced, and the Moslem creed was repeated from the deserts of Arabia to the valley of the Indus.

Other nations besides the Arabian had realized before that the rude and simple virtues which had given them vigor and an indomitable purpose were liable to be dissipated by the corruptive influences of wealth, ease, and security. To these Arabians there came, with irresistible beguilements, the sensuous luxuries of Orientalism. It is the way of all flesh, when the Orient casts its spell. Divisions and contentions arose, then a civil war lasting for six years. The year

750 marks the close of a period—and the beginning of another. The Moslems are on the march again, but Constantinople resists; two Moslem fleets are burned, and the great city is still Christian. Then follows a series of splendid successes for the followers of Mohammed. Their arms in Asia have moved on to the frontiers of China. Carthage suffers destruction again in 698.

The lands of western Europe have long since captured the imagination of the Moslems. In 711 they match their forces against the Visigoths, and lower Spain is in their hands. They press on northward through Spain, across the Pyrenees, into the heart of France. They are to be stopped, however, in 732 by the redoubtable Charles Martel at the battle of Tours.

What influence did the Arabs exert upon the civilization of the West? Much greater than is commonly supposed. Particularly was this the case in Spain. Here they set up schools—academies—libraries. It is in the natural sciences that we see their excellence—in botany, in chemistry, in medicine. We note their genius in architecture by recalling the Alcázar of Seville, the mosque of Córdoba, and the Alhambra of Granada. Later Europe was to know and appreciate the cloths and silks from Murcia and Seville, the leather of Córdoba, and the wonderful arms of Toledo. Spain under their administration prospered agriculturally to such a degree as to be able to support a population

greatly in excess of anything since their day. They carried on a thriving trade with many lands, and bade fair to extend their dominion by the arts of peace where they could not extend it by means of the sword.

We left the story of the Franks with the victory of Charles Martel in 732 over the Arabs. This battle determined the future complexion of western Europe. Had the battle been lost, we probably would be writing the political history of the Arab kingdoms in western Europe.

Charles did not take the kingship away from the Merovingians, as he might well have done. But no such scruples stood in the path of his son, Pepin the Short. Childeric III—a thorough imbecile, the last of the notorious Merovingians—was deposed from his exalted office by act of the Assembly of the Nation; and Pepin the Short was proclaimed king in his place in 752. Pope Stephen was delighted to confirm the election by making the journey to Pepin's court, where the holy anointing oil was poured upon his head—as Samuel the prophet had poured it on the head of Saul. Pepin was elected king by the people: but he was anointed king "by the grace of God." This phrase signified something of more than ceremonial interest. It meant a restoration of the old Eastern—but more particularly, in this case, the old Hebrew—idea that, while a king was the ruler of his people, he was the anointed of God. Religious-minded people were

to look on the king's person as sacred; it raised the kingly office to new heights and gave the kings a wall of protection that stood fast for many of them in their day of need.

The head of the Church, the pope, had done his duty by Pepin, and had rendered him a distinct service. Pepin was expected to reciprocate, and the pope was not disappointed. The barbarian Lombards, crude and fierce, were causing the pope a great deal of trouble within Italy by their invasions. Pepin crossed the Alps to assist the work of resisting these Lombards. Having succeeded in the task, he gracefully added to the lands of the head of the Church by giving the pope a portion of the coast on the Adriatic Sea. This was called "Pepin's Donation." On this physical basis was laid the temporal power of the popes, from which was to radiate their temporal sovereignty. The recent adjustment of the dispute between the pope and the Italian government—a modern phase of this subject—has come about through the efforts of the present occupant of that high office and Mussolini, the real ruler of present-day Italy.

When Pepin died in 768, his kingdom, which extended to South and Central Germany, was divided between his two sons, Carloman and Charles. The latter is known to history as Charles the Great, or Charlemagne, unquestionably the greatest figure of the Middle Age. At the death of Carloman, Charlemagne was made

ruler of the entire Frankish kingdom, and his reign of more than forty years has remained a towering landmark of history.

Let us look at the main outlines of this great man's achievements. With him we begin the actual story of medieval life, and see the dim foreshadowings of the modern world. Strange as it may seem, the conditions prevailing under Charlemagne now seem to us a good deal like the conditions just after prehistoric times. Or, to put it in another way, we westerners of this modern day would have felt infinitely more at home in Athens in the year 500 B.C. or in Alexandria in the year 250 B.C. than we would have felt in any town of western Europe during the whole of the eighth and well into the ninth century A.D. Saying this, we must remember, however, that we are dealing with the efforts of latecomers into the story of civilization. Ultra modernists have made the Dark Age too dark; it is Egyptian, with a darkness that can be felt. On the other hand, those of the medieval cast of mind have looked upon that period as the radiant age of transcendent faith. Neither is right, and yet neither is entirely wrong.

We are not certain of the date of Charles's birth, but the year 742 is generally favored. Nothing authentic is known of his early life. That he bore a kingly presence, and had a large and robust frame, tho not tall, the chronicles bear witness; also that he wore a genial aspect,

was an excellent swimmer, and took his exercise on horseback. His dress was the typical dress of his Frankish countryman.

> He wore a linen shirt and linen thigh-coverings; then a tunic with a silken hem and stockings. He wound garters round his legs, and clad his feet in shoes. His chest and shoulders were protected from the cold by a doublet of otter and sable skins; wrapped in a sea-blue cloak, he always carried a sword at his girdle, this and the hilt being interlaced silver and gold. Sometimes he wore a sword studded with gems, but on only high days or holidays, or on the visit of some foreign embassy. He held the foreign styles of dress in the greatest contempt, however fine they might be, nor would he ever submit to be robed in them.

In other words, he was a thoroughgoing Frank, Teuton in birth, Roman in religion. He made his capital at Aix-la-Chapelle, and cared so little for Paris that he visited it but once. During his long, turbulent reign, Charles found ample opportunity to exercise the arts of war. The most exasperating and troublesome wars he had were those directed against the brave Saxons between the Rhine and the Elbe. These Saxons never knew when they were beaten—at least not long enough to keep them peaceful—or to make them stick to their vows of quiet obedience. His campaigns against them continued, off and on, from 772 to 804. At last the work was done, and they even agreed to his demand that they

become Christians. Charles thought he had to resort to extreme measures with them; so he transported large numbers of Franks into Saxon territory, and of Saxons into France. In between his Saxon campaigns, Charles found time to conquer Bavaria, move the Avars from their lands, invade Spain against the Arabs, and put an end to the Lombard monarchy in Italy (in 774), raising the iron crown upon his own head as King of the Lombards. By the time he had completed his conquering expeditions, his kingdoms included all of modern France, a strip on the southern slopes of the Pyrenees, North Germany to the Elbe, South Germany to Bohemia, the land of the Avars between the Danube and the Adriatic, and Italy to a point south of Rome. His relations with the pope were cordial, but not obsequious. When Leo III became a victim of a revolution, assaulted, wounded, and imprisoned by the nephews of his predecessor, he managed to escape from his captors to the camp of Charles in Saxony. Charles heeded the plea, marched upon Rome, succeeded in his mission, was given high honors by the pope, and crowned with a golden crown to the loud acclaim of the citizens: "To Carolus Augustus, crowned by God, mighty and pacific emperor, be life and victory!" This occurred on Christmas Day, 800, an auspicious day, an auspicious event. It was a renewal of the imperial title, but this time "crowned by God."

It would be a mistake to suggest that we are here dealing with a mere conqueror. Charlemagne reorganized his government, incorporating in it the Assemblies or Diets, the Capitularies or Edicts, and the Missi Dominici or royal deputies. In the course of his long reign he held thirty-five meetings of the diets in various cities, where the progress of his kingdom was noted. The sixty edicts issued were virtually laws, in which he stated his mind concerning the needs of the Church, the schools, the education of the clergy, etc. The royal deputies were inspectors and magistrates. These were the eyes and ears of the emperor, and served the purpose of cultivating and maintaining a united Empire.

The greatest contributions of Charlemagne remain to be stated. These were unquestionably in the direction of learning and education. Charles never learned the art of writing, tho he diligently tried to master it during such spare hours as he enjoyed. Surrounding himself with the most learned men of his day, not only did he delight in literature and learning, but he strove to spread them abroad throughout the Church and the Empire. In one of his capitularies he says: "Let there be schools in which boys may learn to read." And he urges the priests to instruct the young in the Christian faith, and tells those whose occupation it is to write to see to it that they write well. He seems to have been thoroughly convinced that educa-

tion and enlightenment could not be spread abroad throughout his realm unless good teachers could be obtained. To this end he brought to his court one of the most learned men of his time, Alcuin of England.

It would be impossible to describe the condition of the minds of the people in western Europe at this time. The period from 600 to 850 can rightly be called the Dark Age, in the full meaning of the term. From the highest to the lowest, and within the Church itself, where the greatest learning resided, one finds the most appalling ignorance. The first task that Alcuin undertook was the reformation of the Palace School, instituting there a system of elementary education. To this school came all the members of the royal household, including the king and queen. By inspiration of Alcuin, Charles set about the task of educating the clergy, established monastery schools, and brought monks from Italy and Ireland to teach in them.

The immediate result of all these labors, however, seems to have been meager. The difficulties to be overcome were too immense. Had the Church been enlightened, the result might have been otherwise; but its leaders were almost as ignorant as the laity. Some foundation-stones for a future Renaissance were laid, however; at least the drift of ignorance had been arrested. In this regard Europe was never to be as dark again as it had been.

X

FEUDALISM AND THE CRUSADES

Sons too often bask in the reflected glory of great fathers: they all too rarely possess any other distinction. When Charlemagne died in 814 the great Empire fell apart—his cohesive genius alone had kept it together. His son, Louis the Debonnaire, had no strength to keep the Empire going, and soon lost the will to do so. He divided his realm among his three sons, Lothaire, Pepin, and Louis. Later on, when he wished to give a portion to a fourth son, Charles the Bald, the other three sons immediately resorted to arms. Unfortunately, the father's army abandoned him. To add to his troubles, the ecclesiastical authorities further humiliated him, and the authority of the emperor was undermined by the activity of the clergy. Before he passed away in 840 the political atmosphere was charged with contentious disagreements about succession; and the conditions of the times were complicated by ecclesiastical attempts to raise the power of the Church above that of the secular power. The brothers fell to quarreling among themselves concerning the division of the Empire, but at last resorted to arbitration. The arbitrators knew very little about the geographical boundaries of the Empire, and less about its internal condi-

tions. Squabbling began again, and preparations went forward for a resort to arms. But the condition of the poor, the scarcity of food, the rise of Saxon enemies, and a wholesome disgust at the quarrels of the kings at last moved the nobles to demand that the matter should be settled and peace restored. The arbitrators were sent throughout the Empire to acquaint themselves with the conditions and to map out suitable boundaries.

All met at Verdun, where a treaty was signed in 843. Lothaire received Italy, the Valley of the Rhine, and the title of Emperor; Charles got France, and Louis, Germany. The other son, Pepin, had died before his father had passed away. The treaty—like all such treaties—took little note of the interests of the people. Unsatisfactory as it was, it nevertheless set the boundaries to the kingdoms of France, Italy and Germany. Germany accepts the date of this treaty of Verdun as the beginning of her national existence.

During the two hundred years following this treaty, Europe passed through some of her saddest experiences. She was confronted by dangers within and enemies without; by turmoil, confusion, distress, and hideous havoc. The barbarian Northmen, in their periodic raids over Germany and France, threatened to destroy, at its birth, the beginnings of national life. From the South there rose a new Saracenic power, which

occupied Italy, while the Magyars begin their devastating occupation of the West. Such menaces demanded the strength and determination of a Charlemagne, but no one rose to take his place. The descendants of that great emperor had minds only for their petty interests, and the barbarians came on in irresistible waves. In order to offer some semblance of resistance, the kings had to call upon the nobles and dukes, who were not loth to take full advantage of the opportunity to strengthen their own position while rendering service to the State.

The most capable of all the kings was Louis the German. When the exasperated nobles of Charles the Fat—who was lazy and indolent—deposed him and elected his nephew Arnulf as his successor, a brave warrior had at last arrived. But in a short time the Carolingian dynasty had come to an end in Germany with the death of Arnulf's son (in 911), and it passed out a little later in France. In France, however, the powerful nobles and dukes had taken matters into their own hands, robbed the line of all power, and selected one of their own to rule the country. His name was Hugh Capet, and he was the founder of the Capetian line of the kings of France.

In the latter years of Charlemagne's reign, he had had the turbulent Saxons on his hands, and was also compelled to pay some attention to the incursions of the Northmen. These wild

men of the North—fearless, ardent lovers of the sea, courageous to the last degree—had formed the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. But love of adventure was too strong within them to admit of their settling down to their kingdoms. Along the shores of the North Sea they went on foraging expeditions—up the Loire, down the Seine, up the Rhine. Whenever the spring sun loosened the ice on their northern rivers, down they came, burning, laying waste, wantonly ravaging and plundering. These were some of the most desperate days that Germany was ever to know. And France was to pass through the same experiences. Sailing up the Seine to Paris in 885, the Northmen laid siege to the city. The citizens fought and kept Paris out of the hands of its enemies for almost a year. Then they appealed to Charles the Fat, and after some delay he marched with his German army to the aid of the city. But when he arrived, he concluded a most insulting peace, as far as the French were concerned; he bought off the enemy with silver and gave them Burgundy to pillage. Large numbers of Northmen settled in what is now Normandy, were recognized as possessors of that part of France by treaty in 911, learned the language and customs of the French, and supported the French monarchy.

To pass over to Britain: The fair lands of England, after the departure of the Roman legions, were occupied by the Angles and Saxons.

They drove the Welsh into Cornwall and Wales, where, in the latter country, they were to maintain their Celtic ardor almost unimpaired down to the present hour. Some of the Celts, however, fled the land to make their home on a small piece of territory on the shores of western France, which they called French Britain. During the hilarious excursions of the Northmen, the latter exacted heavy tribute from the Anglo-Saxons, until they met their match in Alfred the Great (871-901). Many of these Northmen settled in western England, making it their permanent home, as they were to do in France.

During these centuries of disorder, when no strong king arose to set up a central government, dukes and nobles were compelled to undertake the duties of defense and of conquest. Theirs were the strong arms upon which the king relied for the preservation of his lands. Under such conditions it is easy to understand that the position of the nobles would be immensely strengthened while that of the kings would become subservient to theirs.

The system that arose out of these disorderly conditions was one which has always emerged under like conditions, whether in Egypt, Japan, China, or western Europe. Criticize the system of feudalism as much as we may, it nevertheless came into existence as the result of an inevitable tendency within society; and also as a means to meet a situation which could hardly

have been met in any other way. Feudalism is as old as the need that calls it into existence, and as ubiquitous as the conditions that make it inevitable. It is easy enough to criticize it from the point of view of the present; but it served its purpose. It was not called into existence by the malignant powers of the nobles, nor through the supineness of the great mass of the people. Great emergencies call for strong measures. In times of war we are willing to endure restrictions upon our liberty which we would rather die than endure in days of peace. Feudalism did not suddenly arise in Europe. Some of its principles go back to the Romans, some to the customs of the Germans; but its root ideas are to be found in the desire for protection, for self-preservation. What the people needed more than anything else was the strong hand of a protector against the rapacities of their own fellow nationals, their supposed rulers—and against their enemies. It was a demand for peace, peace at a price; and by forfeiting many of their rights they did gain protection, with the privilege of making a living, arduous tho their life had to be, and too often deadening in the monotony of its isolation. In its earliest phases men looked upon the system as eminently just, and if it was not wholly satisfactory, nevertheless, its approximation to their needs rendered them more or less content.

When the decline of feudalism comes we see

oppression, injustice, burdens placed upon the long-suffering poor, and the right of the sword supreme above every other right. Where the system had formerly found a place for almost everyone, where he could perform his duties and enjoy his rights, in the later times we see it passing into anarchy; while all over feudal Europe interminable wars are the order of the day. How strongly entrenched it had been may be noted in the fact of the persistence of many of its principles and ideas down to our own time. But let us see what the system was like.

Feudalism refers to the institutions erected in the Middle Age to regulate public and private life. It was a great social, economic, military, political, and also ecclesiastical system, operating to meet the several needs of the individual and of society. The entire system rested on the basis of land. According to the theory of the time, all lands belonged to God. The emperor or king held his land "by the Grace of God" and was answerable only to him for its administration. He was God's trustee. But the king had the right to make grants of land—fiefs or feuds, from which the word feudalism comes—to his followers. When such a grant was made, it was called a feudal tenure. A lord could also be a vassal of another lord by virtue of such a grant of land; and kings holding lands from other kings were also vassals to those kings.

When a grant was made to a lord, he had the

right to subdivide his land among other vassals on the same basis as that on which he had received it. A lord obtaining land from another had to go through the ceremony known as homage. Kneeling before the grantor, and placing his hands between the hands of the lord, he swore aloud that he would be his lord's man or *homme;* he would defend him to the limit of his life, would devote himself to him, and would render him such services as were necessary and stipulated. The vows having been made and accepted, the lord granted the lands by investiture, and by a symbolic affair such as a piece of sod taken from the lands granted, a stone, or any such object associated with the soil.

A vassal must never disclose his lord's secrets, and must immediately acquaint his lord with all information gained concerning his enemies. Should the lord be unseated in battle, the vassal must give his own horse to his lord. By counsel his lord must be advised, and in all circumstances his honor and reputation must be upheld. In times of need the vassal must proceed with his lord to battle; and, in proportion to the amount of land granted, must raise a certain number of men to serve for a stipulated period. The period might be sixty or forty or twenty days, which meant that the fighting could only go on near home. The vassal agreed to serve as a magistrate, and to assist the lord in the gov-

ernment of his domain and the maintenance of order.

Where the lord demanded such rights he was also compelled to observe duties, for the relation of rights and duties was reciprocal. The fief could not be arbitrarily taken back at will; protection must be given to the vassal, justice rendered, and a safeguard thrown about the vassal to enable him to enjoy the full rights and privileges of his fief or grant.

The lord, having received his grant of land from the king, must have it cultivated. This work was done by the working classes known as serfs. All the regulations described above pertained to the higher, noble classes, the fighting class in feudalism. But a somewhat similar system prevailed in the parceling out of the land by the lord to his working-class tenants; in this case, however, the grants were known as "servile tenures." The serfs paid for their land in labor, or in produce, giving a portion of their crops. Upon these the lord depended for his support, and in his relation to them he had duties to perform as well as rights to exact. Most of the lowest peasants were inalienably attached to the land, forever tied to the manor within which they were born.

It might be well for us to remember that in the palmy days of feudalism everything within the realm was more or less of a fief. It was a thoroughgoing system of concessions. It was the

most glorious of all days of "racketeering." The concessions included hunting privileges, community bake-shops, the right to ferry men across rivers, to act as guides on the roads, to become merchant-protectors—in fact, almost everything imaginable connected with the assistance of others or with an article of daily need. It was, theoretically at least, a tightly compacted socialistic scheme, top-heavy in its benefits in the direction of the lords, where every man had certain rights, and where a place was found for every man.

The Church itself had its place within the scheme. In times when every man's hand was raised against every other man, especially so in the days of the decline of feudalism; when there was no strong central government, no standing army, no organized and universally recognized authority, the Church was compelled to look after herself. Long before this she had gathered to herself, by bequests of the faithful and donations of various kinds, vast stores of wealth. In order to protect this wealth, and to maintain her rights, she must needs organize for herself a body of laymen who would protect, by the sword if need be, the property committed to their care. Many of these gentlemen, however, saw to it that these offices of protectorship became hereditary in their own families, and from this it was no long stride to appropriating the property as their own. The Church at length owned more

than one-fifth of all the land in England and France, and almost one-third in Germany. Kings might come and kings might go, distributing their lands as they went; but the Church was a continuing institution, and what she gained she held. Punishments inflicted by the king could only touch the person of the punished in this world; but by the infliction of excommunication the Church had an instrument that could reach beyond the grave, and few there were who dared to invite the use of that instrument against them.

While feudalism served its purpose in the strenuous days that called it into being, it nevertheless worked infinite hardships upon the poor, and ultimately produced a condition of anarchy without parallel in the history of Western Europe. When a noble was on the war-path he burned farms, destroyed fields of standing grain, drove cattle away to his own manor, and reduced people to a state of hopeless misery. Between the villain and the lord there was no voice but the voice of God. Free, common men had disappeared. The lord could do with them as he pleased; they were entirely at his disposal. He could put them in prison—rightly or wrongly—as often as he pleased, and had to render account of them to no one, except to God, and God too often appeared to be an absentee landlord who had delegated his rights of authority to the lords.

Feudalism at its best was a fine system—par-

ticularly so for the lords. At its worst it passes description. The sword was the final arbiter of all disputes; and disputes were as plentiful as the troubles of the poor. High in their castles, with the hovels of the poor clustered about them as chickens seeking shelter from the hawk; clothed in heavy mail, the lords thought of nothing but of battle—of preparing for it or of recovering from it. Ignorance was widespread, save in the quietude of the monasteries, where devoted servants of the Church kept aflame, as well as they could, the light of learning. Outside of the monasteries there was no thought for learning; the times were given up to the anarchy of war, and the common people paid the price. Lords could fight among themselves from sunrise to sunset, and leave upon the field but three of their own—as happened at Brenneville, where the kings of France and England fought a bloody battle. The nobles were amply protected in their coats of mail. Not so the poor; their bodies must pile up as the evidence of success or failure. The nights were aglow with fires of farms and crops, while the roads were infested with robbers. The Archbishop of Tyre describes the scenes of the day:

> There was no security for property. Were a man regarded as rich, this was sufficient excuse for throwing him into prison, keeping him in irons, and putting him to cruel torture. Sword-girded brigands infested the roads, lay in ambush and spared neither strangers nor men de-

voted to the service of God. Cities and fortified towns were not safe from such crimes. Cutthroats made the streets and squares dangerous for the wealthy man.

In addition to all these troubles, as tho to fill the cup of anguish to the brim, between 970 and 1040 there were forty years of terrible famine, and of raging pestilence.

Lest the reader should imagine that these centuries of war, pestilence, and famine meant a complete breakdown of civilization, with a consequent destruction of its forces, let us hasten to add that such was not the case. The lighter side of life also effervesced on occasion. Times were never so bad that people could not laugh, play games, and sport a little. Even the common people found relief from the benumbing uniformity of their lives by engaging in fool-play, and in staging crude farces for the nobles.

But, above everything else, the Church stood like a guardian angel over the deep things within men's spirits. The people might be tied to their small areas, but the Church, with its universal appeal, with its ritual and ceremonies, lifted men up out of their narrow boundaries into the ampler areas of human and eternal fellowship. The Church touched them "with a quickening inspiration and a permeating unity." She sought, by all means at her command, to give marriage a due sanctity even for the commonest man and woman in the realm. She kept

the embers of freedom burning by proclaiming in all seasons the equality of serf and lord and king in the eyes of God. She ever held aloft the rights of the intellect and of the heart, above the arbitrary and bloody rights of the sword. And within her sacred confines she preserved with marvelous fidelity the rich inheritance of the open mind. Amidst decay, anarchy, division, she spread the leaven of her teachings, a leaven which was to make the heaviness of the times lightness, the unpalatable palatable, and the spirit of man more powerful than the forces that sought to crush it down.

This leaven of the church was one of the forces operating in the direction of the final breakdown of the feudal system. Another was the gradual movement in the direction of a strong central authority; in other words, the rise of monarchy. It is the law of human nature that those who have power seek to enlarge its scope of operation. Some of the lords managed to subject the minor lords to their own will; and the great lord became the chief ruler of the kingdom. In other instances we see the princes throwing off the shackles of feudalism and stepping out into the freedom of their own rule; still others win by diplomacy, thus becoming acknowledged masters. Whichever method was employed, the end was the same, and monarchy began to rise above the arbitrary rule of num-

berless lords, to establish a strong central government.

Another force came to the aid of the distressed commoner in the invention of gunpowder. The lord in his mail could feel little injury in combat, so long as weapons were swords and arrows; against a rising of peasants, he could prevail, immune. But when peasant organizations began to be formed in Germany, and when gunpowder became one of their weapons the lord's stone castle was as useless for protection as were his steel mail and cumbersome helmet. Other causes of change also were at work. Some of the greatest forces bringing about the decay of feudalism emerged out of the tremendous body of influences emanating from the crusades.

During all the long years of disturbance in Europe, the Church had been quietly gathering strength and expanding the range of its influence. For many years the offices which normally were performed by the civil powers were forced upon the Church. If she did not, or could not, preserve some semblence of authority, there was no power in Europe that could. One of the greatest personalities in the Church was that of Pope Gregory VII (1073-85), more often remembered as Hildebrand. Formerly a monk of Cluny, he had risen to eminence by intellectual powers of a high order by surpassing courage, and by a whole-hearted devotion to the interests of the Church. Through his influence and leadership,

the clergy went everywhere preaching obedience; raising the moral standards of the people, as well as of the clergy, to new heights. Between such a dominant personality and the emperors there must needs come a clash. "The world," said Hildebrand, "is lighted by two lights: the sun the greater, and the moon the smaller; the apostolic authority resembles the sun, the royal power the moon. As the moon owes its rays to the sun, so emperors, kings and princes only exist by the grace of the pope because he is appointed by God. Everything then is subordinate to the pope."

The resulting clash of interests between these two powers of the Middle Age—the Papacy and the Empire—was a long-drawn-out affair. In the quarrel over investitures, both parties resorted to arms, and Henry IV—with a divided Germany on his hands—must needs stand penitent at the Castle of Canossa, imploring pardon through his tears. But this only served to add fuel to the fires and the order was reversed when Henry forced the pope to compromise and the Church's prestige to be lowered. In 1122, the Concordat of Worms settled the matter of investitures; in this treaty the emperor renounced his claim over ecclesiastical investitures, agreeing to render to the prelates the temporalities of their benefices. Other occasions of dispute between these two forces arose, but it was now admitted that temporal power had its source of authority in the

State, and that spiritual power resided solely in the Church.

In the midst of these struggles there came one of the most phenomenal movements Europe was ever to know—a widespread religious fervor, fanatical in some of its phases, noble in others. The crusades were as typically medieval, so far as their motives were concerned, as any feature of life in that epoch; but when their influences make themselves felt in Europe we see a definite transition from medieval to modern life.

Yet again in our story of civilization do we see West and East come into armed conflict. The Moslems had gained possession of the sacred places in and about Jerusalem. In its effort to rescue these places from the infidel, Europe almost tore itself from its foundations. Christendom hurled its power against the Moslems. For hundreds of years the pious within the Church had sought to make pilgrimages to the East, to bathe themselves in the Jordan, and to kneel at the tomb of Christ. As long as the Arabs were in control of the East, no disturbances arose, and the pilgrims found no great difficulty in satisfying their needs. But at the close of the tenth century the Seljuk Turks were in possession of Palestine and Syria, and the holy places were in their hands. Pilgrims returned with stories of harrowing experiences at the hands of the Turks: some were robbed, others were brutally ill-treated, others were killed. Western

Europe had cause to fear the brutal force of these Turks; Christians everywhere looked upon them as emissaries of Satan himself.

Gregory VII had brooded long over the possibility of sending an expeditionary force to rescue the Holy Sepulchre. But it was left to Pope Urban II, and to the fiery ardor of Peter the Hermit, to set the religious conflagration going. Peter had just returned from Asia, where he had witnessed outrages at the Holy Sepulchre. His burning indignation and his fiery eloquence set the crowds on the move with a gathering momentum of emotional fervor. At the Council of Clermont, in 1095, Pope Urban preached an impassioned sermon to a vast crowd of bishops, princes, knights, and people assembled in the open air to hear him. His eloquence was punctuated by the cry from the highly wrought crowd: "God wills it! God wills it!" All Europe went on fire. In the spring of 1096 the forty or fifty thousand French members of the First Crusade went forth for their Holy War. They were joined by a like number of Germans after crossing the Rhine, Charlemagne, it was believed, rising from his tomb to lead them. Scots and Frenchmen, Englishmen and Germans, Italians and barbarians, women and children, boys of all ages with the red cloth thrown over their shoulders denoting that they were crusaders, marched away to execute upon the abhorrent Turk the will of God—and were nearly all ex-

terminated by the Turk when they arrived on Turkish soil.

For two hundred years—with ebb and flow—the tramp of crusaders marching to the East resounded through Europe. The sufferings and tortures they endured no pen could describe. Motives were mixed and varied, as they naturally would be. The prisons were emptied of those who sought expiation for their crimes by joining the ranks of God's soldiers. Prince, noble, and knight thrilled to the great adventure; while many dreamed of large kingdoms which could be carved out of fair Eastern lands. But all in vain; the main objectives were never permanently realized; the Near East still lies under the rule of Islam.

During these years, and in these nine crusades, we may see examples of the noblest of human virtues; and we may also witness the basest depravities and the wildest passions let loose. If the objectives were never realized, what good did the Crusades do for Europe? Much, and in many ways. You cannot uproot hundreds of thousands of people from a narrow and restricted life to make them gaze upon a world infinitely more varied and beautiful than anything they ever dreamed of, without also liberating powers as refreshing, in their invigorating influence, as they are broadening in their discipline. Peoples of all classes and grades and nationalities were thrown together in democratic

simplicity. The higher culture of the East almost blinded the eyes of the West; and the superior mentality of the hitherto despised East wrought, first, humiliation, then emulation in the minds of the West. The arts and crafts and industries of the East found their way into the West.

The spark of Eastern genius had disturbed the Western clod, and the result was to be noted in the decay of feudalism, in the strengthening of monarchy, in the dissemination of new ideas, and in the rise of a new spirit of self-reliance. Commerce with the East took on a new significance. Demand increased for the products of the East; tastes were developed and indulged, that Europe had previously never known. Delicacies, ornaments, perfumes, precious stones, tapestries —where shall we close the list?—all find their way to a Europe that has awakened to realize its need of such things. Maritime commerce comes to birth. From Venice, Genoa, Pisa, the merchants go forth to trade, and the Mediterranean is coming to its own again. In the meantime towns within Europe have grown to such proportions as to hold increasingly larger populations, and more power. While the lords have gone down, the merchants and tradespeople have gone up, the higher areas of the common people are coming into their own.

During these times we note a great development in voluntary associations formed for the mutual aid and protection of their members.

These gilds were of various kinds—religious gilds, merchant gilds, craft gilds. The last-named were somewhat similar to our trade-unions, in that members of a particular trade joined together to aid and protect each other—a very natural tendency, especially in view of the fact that trade was rapidly expanding. These craft gilds wielded a great influence over their members, both from the standpoint of quality of workmanship and also from the standpoint of trade solidarity.

Gathering together the fruits of the period, we can see that European nations are now formed, and are beginning to express their characteristics. Feudalism is everywhere declining; its day of usefulness is over. Towns and cities are rising; art and architecture are beginning to be generally appreciated. Trade and commerce are expanding; national languages, and so national literatures, are formed. Europe is shaking off its slumbers, and girding itself for new adventures, more thrilling than the old; adventures into the unexploited regions of its own spiritual empire. The contributions of Greece and Rome, Palestine and Arabia, were all to be fused into the content of Europe's life; and out of that content our civilization was to emerge. But before that day comes, other days must intervene, and to these we pass.

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